The CHRISTMAS NUMBER of

THE BOOKMAN

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 147. Vol. XXV. DECEMBER, 1903. Price One Shilling net.

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News Notes.

In presenting to our readers the Christmas number of THE BOOKMAN, we have pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to the publishers who have courteously permitted us to reproduce a number of pictures from the illustrated books of the year; to Miss Beatrice Harraden for the interesting views of Norway connected with her novel, "Katharine Frensham"; and to the Hon. John Collier for kindly allowing us to reproduce his portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a number of short parodies in verse under the general title of "The Muse among the Motors." By the bye, we believe we are correct in saying that Mr. Kipling owns and drives or is driven in a "Lanchester," which, as our readers are probably aware, is a car wholly manufactured in this country.

The late Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, whose sudden death is so generally regretted, has, we believe, left two novels still to be published. One, at any rate, entitled "The Last Hope," is to be issued serially in the *Illustrated London News*, beginning in January next. On the conclusion of the serial publication it will be issued in book-form in this country by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and in America by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

We should be glad to hear that there was some prospect of some of Mr. Merriman's earlier novels being re-issued. We believe they contain work which bears favourable comparison with his later stories. "Young Mistley," "Prisoners and Captives," and "Suspense" are the names of three of them which occur to us as we write.

Another novel from the pen of Mr. Merriman which has never been issued in book-form in this country is "Dross." It was published serially in the *Queen* some years ago, and was, we believe, issued both serially and in book-form in America, where, by the bye, the older stories above-mentioned have also been re-issued in recent years.

"Sea Puritans" is the title of Mr. Frank T. Bullen's new novel, the MS. of which has just been placed in the publisher's hands.

Messrs. Constable and Co. will publish Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle's new novel in the spring of the new year. The title is "Incomparable Bellairs." The larger part of the book has been published serially in *Pearson's Magazine* here, and in *Collins' Weekly* in America.

From a Painting by Professor Hubert Herkomer.

Sir Francis C. Burnand.

(Reproduced from "Records and Reminiscences by Sir Francis C. Burnand," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.)

Madame Albanesi, whose novel "Susannah and One Elder" has had a considerable success, has signed a contract with Messrs. Methuen for her next book.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish a new novel by the author of "Strawberry Leaves."

The title of Mr. Percy White's new novel, which will be issued early in the new year, is "The Triumph of Mrs. St. George."

Messrs. Methuen are bringing out a new book by Mr. Lorimer, of the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia. Mr. Lorimer's previous book, "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant," has had a very large sale, both in this country and in America.

Major Martin Hume has arranged to write a new historical work, which will be entitled "The Wives of Henry VIII." A new edition of Major Hume's "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" will be published in January by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. It will be thoroughly revised, and will contain additional chapters by the author.

Mr. Heinemann will publish shortly a new book by Mr. Cunninghame-Graham.

"The Stronger Claim," by Alice Perrin, has caught on. It is one of the best Indian novels that has recently been published.

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"The Heart of Mandeville" is the title of a new story which Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have written for serial publication in the *Windsor Magazine*.

We hear on all sides from those competent to judge that Mr. Edward German's settings to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Just-So Songs" are a great success, and likely to be very popular.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has recently completed the MS. of a new short story, to which he has given the title "Fore Ordained."

Mr. Richard Bagot's new novel will be completed in time for publication in the spring of the new year, and Mr. Edward Arnold will, we understand, be the publisher.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will issue next spring a novel entitled "Pa Gladden," by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, which is rapidly taking its place in the States among the best selling books of the day. The story appeared originally in the *Century Magazine*, and aroused widespread interest.

The Academy, which is making excellent progress under the able editorship of Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, is publishing a most interesting series of articles by John Oliver Hobbes under the general title "Letters from a Silent Study."

S. C. Brown, Langham and Co., Ltd., announce the publication of a selection of letters by the late "Dr. Birkbeck Hill," entitled "Letters Written by a Grandfather." The little book has been arranged by Dr. Hill's daughter, principally for the delight of the little circle of grandchildren to whom most of the letters were addressed; but the unique charm of style, of fancy, and of humour, to be found in these letters, cannot fail to also delight the much larger circle of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's many friends and readers.

The BOOKMAN Portfolio presented with this issue is printed by the Cranford Press, Chiswick, from blocks made by the Exemplar Engraving Co. The frontispiece, "Barbe," is the work of Messrs. J. J. Waddington, Ltd.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN are particularly requested to note that eight volumes of the Bookman Biographies are now ready, price 1s. net each. A volume of the Bookman Biographies makes a most acceptable Christmas or New Year's card for bookmen.

MR. PUNCH ON THE *DAILY MIRROR*.
REFLECTIONS ON THE *MIRROR*.

[A sum of £1,000 is to be divided among the writers of postcards containing the best suggestions for improving the *Daily Mirror*. We print some of the postcards which have reached Mr. Punch's offices by mistake.]

Get a serial story by some well-known man, such as Joe Chamberlain, or even His Majesty. A. P. WATT.

Etc., etc., etc.

Mr. Watt is the literary agent of the Prime Minister we know, but we do not think that he has the honour of representing either His Majesty the King or "Joe Chamberlain." At any rate he appears to have ignored his own advice, for we hear on good authority that it was he who sold Mr. Harmsworth Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins' "Double Harness."

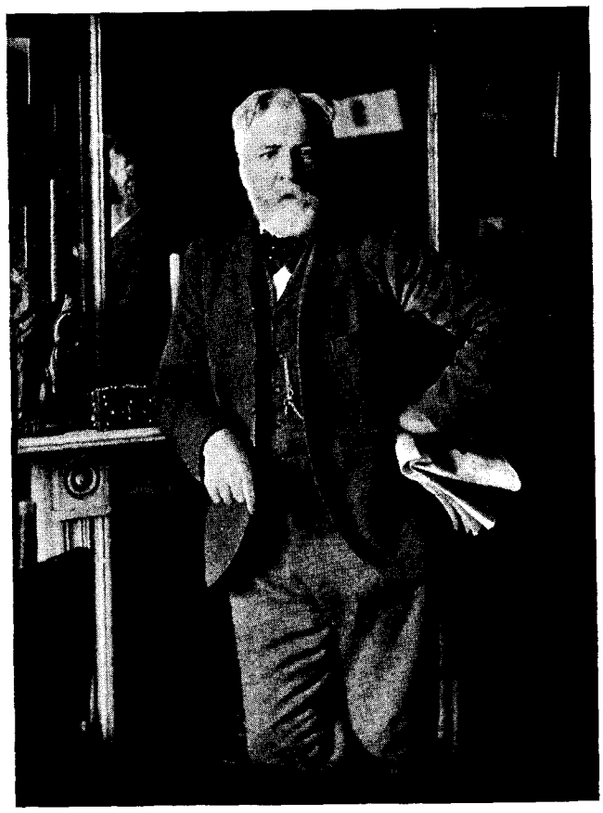

Photo by E. H. Mills. **A New Portrait of Mr. Richard Whiteing.**

Author of "The Yellow Van," a review of which appears on another page.

Mr. A. Tennyson Dickens, the eldest surviving son of the great novelist, writes the following letter to the Melbourne *Argus*:—

SIR,—While reading the *Argus* this morning I happened to come across this sentence, published under the heading, "In the Papers":—"Dickens, who never liked him (referring to William Makepeace Thackeray), told a friend that he could see nothing to admire in one of Thackeray's novels, then being serially produced."

As the eldest surviving son of the deceased novelist, I can, with every possible confidence, give this statement a most emphatic contradiction. Thackeray died on Christmas Eve, 1863, and was buried at Kensal Green upon Boxing Day, when Dickens was his chief mourner, and wrote a biographical sketch of the great novelist, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* of January, 1864, and which, I think, did full justice to the genius and merits of the author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," etc.

Many a time prior to my leaving England I have heard my father speak in most glowing terms of the wonderful versatility of this great writer.

More than this, I can truthfully say that I never heard him make use of any unkind or indiscreet expression in regard to any author or authoress of his time.

If you will kindly refer to the "Letters of Charles Dickens," published by Chapman and Hall shortly after his death, you will find that these two great writers of the nineteenth century had the most sincere respect, friendship, and admiration for each other's writings.

This paragraph is, in my opinion, incorrect (using a mild expression) in every sense of the word.

As Mrs. Ritchie, a daughter of Mr. Thackeray, is a very great personal friend of my surviving sister, Mrs. Carlo Perugini, I shall esteem it a favour if you will give this letter publicity, in order to do justice to the memory of a writer who never had an unkind word to say about his fellow-scribes.—I am, etc., A. TENNYSON DICKENS.

October 17th.

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Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

OCTOBER 20TH TO NOVEMBER 20TH, 1903.

The opening of the month was propitious, and as it advanced the demand in most classes of literature became more pronounced, and it may safely be said that trade has been of a satisfactory nature. Hard things are from time to time heard concerning the retail bookseller who does not happen to have in stock the particular book required at the moment, but could the customer realise the vast influx of books to the wholesale houses, frequently amounting to fifty or sixty new volumes in a single day, opinion would certainly be modified.

From "The Work of John S. Sargent, R.A." (William Heinemann.)

[Carmencita.

The recent output has been particularly rich in biographical works, foremost of which is Morley's "Life of Gladstone," forming by far the most prominent item. The sales of the other issues can, of course, in no way compare with it; at the same time, the following have had a wide circle of readers:—The De Blowitz Memoirs, Dean Pigou's "Odds and Ends," a new edition of Father's Dolling's Memoirs, the lives of Commissioner Kerr, James Martineau, F. Condé Williams, and Sir F. C. Burnand. The continued large sales of the Life of Gipsy Smith attest the widespread influence of that popular preacher.

"Man's Place in the Universe," by A. R. Wallace, has caused a considerable amount of discussion, which has resulted in correspondingly large sales. Another work of a scientific nature popularly treated is Newcomb's "Astronomy for Everybody," which has also been constantly in request.

The superb illustrations of "Happy England," by Helen Allingham, and "The Durbar," by Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes, have been much appreciated, and both volumes have gone well. The same may be said concerning the sales of "Old Quebec," by Sir Gilbert Parker and C. G. Bryan.

The output of 6s. fiction has again been huge. Amongst recent issues the following have been the most prominent:—"The Heart of Rome," "Her Own People," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Rachel Marr," "The Relentless City," "Katharine Frensham," "Barbe of Grand Bayou," "Dr. Xavier," and "The Yellow Van." The sales, however, in this class have been numerous, and in no way confined to the foregoing, as many of the volumes frequently noted in former reports have well maintained their position.

At 3s. 6d., mention must be made of "Odd Craft," by W. W. Jacobs, and "Follow the Gleam," by Joseph Hocking.

"The Five Nations," by Rudyard Kipling, has, for a poetical work, achieved a phenomenal success, and William Watson's "For England" has also been much in request.

The sale of Annual Volumes has also been extensive, and year by year the older favourites appear to fully hold their own. The disposal of such volumes as *The Boy's* and *The Girl's Own Annual*, *Chatterbox*, *Sunday*, *Little Folks*, *Chums*, together with other popular issues, is immense. Almanacs and Diaries have now commenced to figure prominently in the season's trade.

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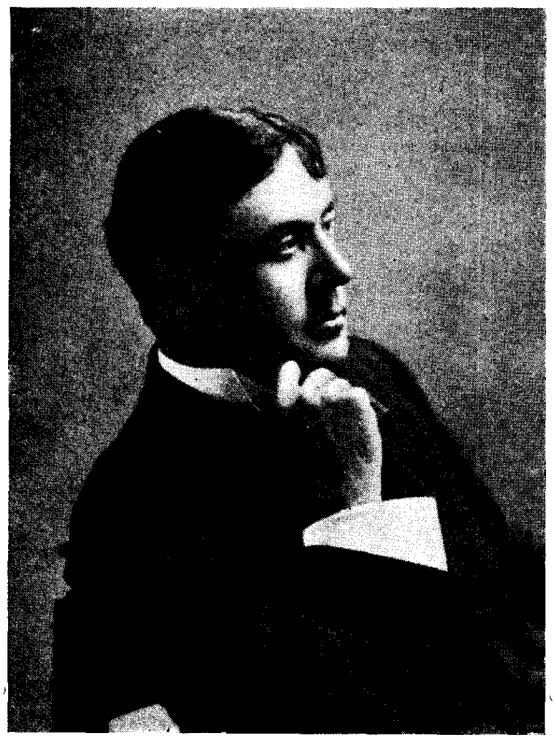


A recent Portrait of Mr. W. Pett Ridge,

Whose new book, "Up Side Streets," has greatly added to his established popularity.

The collection of Phil May's sketches continues to attract many purchasers.

The juvenile reader has not yet lost touch with the late Mr. Henty's work, as several new volumes from his popular pen are this year again to the front.

The usual supply of illustrated volumes for the younger portion of the community appears to be as much in evidence as in previous years, but although the sales in this particular class are heaviest during the week or two immediately preceding Christmas, mention must be made of several which are already reaching a large measure of success. Amongst such are "The Golliwegg's Circus," "A Dog-Day," "Mr. Punch's New Book," "Grant Richards' Annual," and "Toby and his Little Dog Tan." These have been supplemented by many miniature illustrated volumes in such famous series as "The Dumpy Books," "The Oogley-oo," "The Piccaninnies Library," and "The Little Ones' Library."

The Fiscal Problem continues to exercise the public mind, whilst pamphlets and brochures are still making their appearance. Mr. Balfour's "Economic Notes," however, continues to hold an easy first, although "Imperial Reciprocity" and Mr. Vince's exposition of Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals still sell freely.

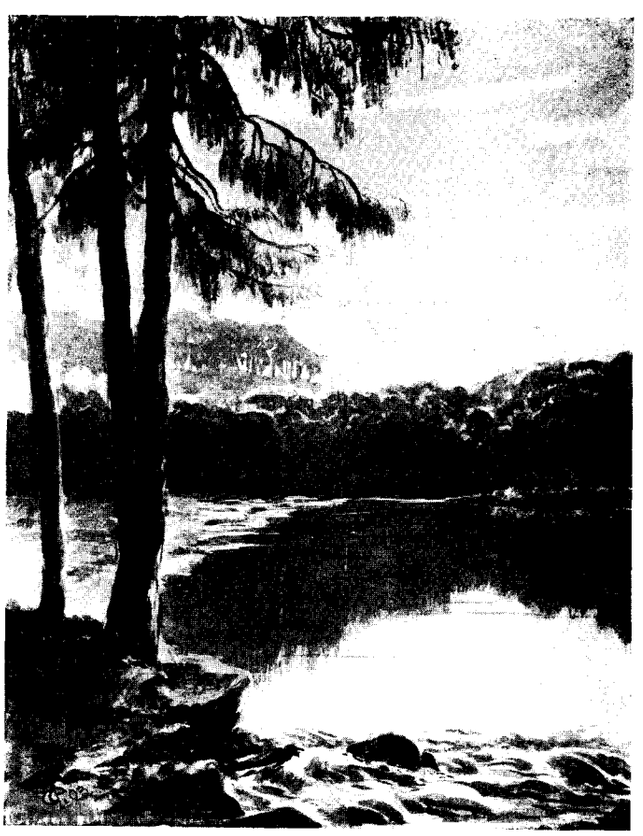
The most important feature amongst the periodicals has been the issue of an edition of selections from the works of the Great Masters, large numbers of the first part being quickly sold.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Relentless City. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Harper.)
A Passage Perilous. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Griff of Griffithscourt. By Helen Mathers. (Methuen.)
The Heart of Rome. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Her Own People. By B. M. Croker. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Rachel Marr. By Morley Roberts. (Nash.)
Katharine Frensham. By Beatrice Harraden. (W. Blackwood.)
The Yellow Van. By R. Whiteing. (Hutchinson.)
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By K. D. Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)
Barbe of Grand Bayou. By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Dr. Xavier. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Place and Power. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fekkin. (Hutchinson.)

Life of W. E. Gladstone. By John Morley, M.P. 3 vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)
De Blowitz Memoirs. 15s. net. (E. Arnold.)
Odds and Ends. By Dean Pigou. 16s. (E. Arnold.)
Life of Father Dolling. By C. E. Osborne. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
Commissioner Kerr. By G. Pitt-Lewis. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Martineau (Jas.), Recollections of. By A. H. Crawford. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)
Williams (F. C.) From Journalist to Judge. 6s. (G. Morton.)
Burnand (Sir F. C.) Records and Reminiscences. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Methuen.)
Man's Place in the Universe. By A. R. Wallace. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)



From "Wet-fly Fishing." (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

River Fishing: A few casts in the early morning.

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Life of Gipsy Smith. By Himself. 2s. 6d. (Law.)
Newcomb's Astronomy for Everybody. 7s. 6d. (Isbister.)
Happy England. By Helen Allingham. 20s. net. (Black.)
The Durbar. By Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes. 20s. net. (Black.)
Old Quebec. By Sir Gilbert Parker and C. G. Bryan. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)
Odd Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)
Follow the Gleam. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Methuen.)
For England. By William Watson. 2s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
The People of the Abyss. By Jack London. 6s. (Isbister.)

Annual Volumes.

Phil May's Sketches. 2s. 6d. and 4s. net. (Bradbury.)
The Golliwoggs Circus. By B. and F. K. Upton. 6s. (Longmans.)
Mr. Punch's New Book for Children. 6s. (Bradbury.)
Grant Richards' Annual. 5s. (Richards.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Oct. 24—Satisfactory in all departments.
,, 31—Much briskness, especially in the Home Trade.
Nov. 7—Trade well maintained. Export somewhat quiet.
,, 14—Busy in all departments.

(2) SCOTLAND.

OCTOBER 19TH TO NOVEMBER 18TH, 1903.

It may be held generally that all the books intended for the Christmas trade have now seen publication. Keen competition was noticeable, especially in thin paper editions of standard works, to gain a place; and in juvenile gift-books all the leading publishers catering for this department of trade showed much enterprise and skill.

Biographical works were much in evidence. The most conspicuous, of course, was Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," the sales of which surpassed all computation. The same brilliant author's "Life of Cobden," in cheap popular form, was also much in request, and orders were placed for Lord Wolseley's book, "The Story of a Soldier's Life," and Sir F. C. Burnand's "Reminiscences." Messrs. Hutchinson's "Standard Biographies" may be mentioned in this connection as maintaining their popularity, the last volume issued being the "Life of Benjamin Franklin."

As is usual at this season, several religious works of more than ordinary merit were issued. Of these, special mention must be made of Rev. Hugh Black's "Work," Dr. Macmillan's "Touch of God," Dr. Denney's "Atonement and the Modern Mind," Dr. Miller's "Lesson of Love," Rev. G. H. Morrison's "Sunrise," and Rev. John Kelman's Christmas booklet, "Honour towards God." Messrs. Methuen's and Messrs. Duckworth's dainty little books on "Art and Artists" were very successful. Thin paper issues of R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and "Catriona" were deservedly popular, and the same may be said of the little folks' editions of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass."

From "The Durbar." (A. & C. Black).

A Horse from Jodhpur.

Several strong six shilling novels were prominent in the business of the month. The most noteworthy of these were "Rachel Marr," by Morley Roberts; "Katharine Frensham," by Beatrice Harraden; "The Yellow Van," by R. Whiteing; "Rebecca," by K. D. Wiggin; "Her Own People," by B. M. Croker; "The Heart of Rome," by F. M. Crawford; "Adventures of Gerard," by Conan Doyle; "Doctor Xavier," by Max Pemberton; and "Barlasch of the Guard," by H. S. Merriman.

At three shillings and sixpence the most successful novels were "Follow the Gleam," by Joseph Hocking; and "Odd Craft," by W. W. Jacobs. Mr. Kipling's

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"Five Nations" continued much in request; and Jerome's "Table Talk" sold easily.

Sixpenny editions of popular novels still appeared in fair numbers. Of these the most noticeable were "Holy

Mr. Morley Roberts,

The Author of "Rachel Marr," which is reviewed in this number.

A Thumbnail Sketch by Mr. F. T. Dalton.

Matrimony," by Gerard; "Chiffon's Marriage," by "Gyp"; "The Filibusters," by Hyne; "The Channings," by Mrs. Wood; "Shadow of the Czar," by Carling; "Dead Certainty," by Gould; and "Castle of Eppstein," by Dumas.

Already the usual Christmas numbers of monthly magazines and weekly periodicals made their appearance, but the sales of these still showed a marked tendency to decline. Mention should be made of the enterprise shown by Messrs. Cassell in re-issuing their popular "National Library" in weekly volumes. A new magazine for ladies entered the field, named the *Boudoir*, the first number of which went early out of print.

Our list of best selling books during the month is as follows:—

The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Life of Mr. Gladstone. By John Morley. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)
Work. By the Rev. Hugh Black. 2s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Mankind in the Making. By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
Phil May's Sketches from *Punch*. 2s. 6d. net. (Bradbury.)
Life of Cobden. By John Morley. 2s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Sunrise. By Rev. G. H. Morrison. 5s. (Hodder.)
The Lesson of Love. By Dr. J. R. Miller. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Kidnapped, and Catriona. By R. L. Stevenson. 2s. each and 3s. each. (Cassell.)
Odd Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)

Six Shilling Novels.

Rachel Marr. By Morley Roberts. (Nash.)
Katharine Frensham. By Beatrice Harraden. (Blackwood.)
Adventures of Gerard. By Conan Doyle. (Newnes.)
Rebecca. By K. D. Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)
The Heart of Rome. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Her Own People. By B. M. Croker. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Six Chapters in a Man's Life. By Victoria Cross. (Scott.)
Dr. Xavier. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder.)
Yellow Van. By R. Whiteing. (Hutchinson.)
Place and Power. By Ellen Thorneycroft Felkin. (Hutchinson.)
Stronger Claim. By Alice Perrin. (Nash.)
Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)

From a Drawing by Phil May.

F. C. B. as Mephistopheles in his Burlesque of "Faust"

(Reproduced from "Records and Reminiscences by Sir Francis C Burnand," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.)

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SPECIAL NOTICE

TO

READERS OF THE BOOKMAN.

Orders are constantly received for the Special Numbers of THE BOOKMAN which have been published during the last few years, and which are now entirely out of print. In order to meet this demand, arrangements have been made to publish a Series of "Bookman Biographies," in which the most popular of these numbers are re-issued in a greatly enlarged and more permanent form, bound in cloth. Each "Bookman Biography" contains a separate Plate Frontispiece, a wealth of Illustrations printed on art paper, Appreciations and Articles by Well-Known Writers, and a Full Biography.

The price of each volume is 1s. net (postage 2d.).

THE

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SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT.

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   J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS
2. **Robert Louis Stevenson.**
   By W. ROBERTSON NICOLL
   G. K. CHESTERTON
3. **Charles Dickens.**
   By G. K. CHESTERTON
   F. G. KITTON
4. **Leo Tolstoy.**
   By G. K. CHESTERTON
   G. H. PERRIS
5. **Sir Walter Scott.**
   By W. S. CROCKETT
   JAMES L. CAW
   J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS
6. **Alfred Tennyson.**
   By G. K. CHESTERTON
   Dr. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.
7. **Robert Browning.**
   By JAMES DOUGLAS
   J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS
8. **W. M. Thackeray.**
   By G. K CHESTERTON
   LEWIS MELVILLE

The Bookman Biographies make splendid Christmas and New Year's Gift Books.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row, London

The Booksellers' Diary.

DECEMBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

December 5th.

BRINKLEY, CAPT.—Japan and China. Vols. V. and VI. 12 vols. 14s. each net ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
FOX-DAVIES, A. C.—The Art of Heraldry, £7 7s. net. (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
POWELL, G. H.—Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers, 6s. net (Brimley Johnson)
WHITE, G. CECIL.—A Versatile Professor, 5s. net (Brimley Johnson)
ESLER, E. RENTOUL—The Trackless Way, 6s. (Brimley Johnson)
ANON.—The Food of the Gods, 3s. 6d. ..... (Brimley Johnson)
HOSKYNS, CH. W.—Talpa, or Chronicles of a Clay Farm, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Brimley Johnson)
ENSOR, R. C. K.—Modern Poems, 2s. 6d. net (Brimley Johnson)
BOOTHBY, GUY.—Across the World for a Wife, 6d. (Ward, Lock)
RODENBACH.—Bruges-la-Morte, 6s. ..... (Sonnenschein)

December 7th.

LUCAS, ST. JOHN.—The Vintage of Dreams, 3s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
WOODWARD, IDA (Selected by).—The Seasons with the Poets. 5s. net ..... (Elkin Mathews)
ROBERTS, MORLEY.—The Wingless Psyche, 2s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
DUNN, HENRY TREFFRY.—Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and his Circle, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Elkin Mathews)
GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON.—The Golden Helen, and Other Verse, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Elkin Mathews)
MONK, W., R.E.—Calendarium Londinessa. 1904. Etched plate. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Elkin Mathews)
U. L. H. A.—Notes from a Lincolnshire Garden, 2s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
SCHUMACHER, GLADYS.—Fires that Sleep. 3s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)
BUTLER, A. MAYNARD.—The Little Africkander and the Great Queen, 1s. ..... (Sonnenschein)

December 9th.

RUSKIN, JOHN.—Stones of Venice. Vol. I. (Being Vol. IX. of the Library Series, but the VIth Volume issued. 21s. net ..... (George Allen)

December 10th.

WALTON, IZAAK, and CHARLES COTTON.—The Compleat Angler. (Illus. Pocket Lib.). 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
SOUTH, REV. E. WILTON.—St. Matthew (Junior School Books). 1s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—The Three Musketeers, 2s. 6d. (Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE (Ed. by W. T. Craig).—Love's Labour Lost, As You Like It, The Taming of the Shrew. 3 Vols. Little Quarto Shakespeare. 1s. each net ..... (Methuen)

December 12th.

MORTEN, HONNOR.—Remember the Children. 1s. net (Brimley Johnson)
MONTAGU, LILY H.—Thoughts on Judaism, 2s. 6d. (Brimley Johnson)
CHESTERTON, G. K., and Others.—Papers of the Patriots' Club, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Brimley Johnson)

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The Public Schools Year Book, 1904, 2s. 6d. ..... (Sonnenschein)
LEWIS, A. W.—Essays in Fury ..... (Sonnenschein)

December 17th.

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DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—The Viscomte de Bragelonne. (Double Vol.) 1s. ..... (Methuen)

December 19th.

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January 1st.

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HANS ANDERSEN: AN APPRECIATION.

By SHIRLEY KNAPTON.

TO those who have honestly read the writings of Hans Christian Andersen and are still unresponsive to the magic charm of Denmark's most honoured son, there is little to be said. But have these people who think so poorly of his genius done justice to what he wrote? Is he not too lightly dismissed as the author of children's tales, which the superior person who criticises him has, nine times out of ten, read only in the most cursory fashion? Certainly little or nothing can be done for those who are really out of sympathy with him, who are genuinely incapable of enjoying his wild fantasy, tender humour, and subtle wit; but for others who have judged him heedlessly on grounds as unstable as a quicksand, there is a remedy. They can be referred to his writings; and if they approach them with an open mind—even perhaps if they don't—they may be astonished to discover that they know very little about the author—still less about the man who has stamped nearly every line he wrote with something of his courteous and charming personality. They will realise that there is a force and an inspiration in literature which they, perhaps ignorantly, certainly unwisely, have taken too little into account, that a message has been delivered to the world which it would be profitable for them to heed. Indeed it is one peculiarly suited to alleviating one of the worst ailments from which we suffer in these whining days, for it is above all a message which concerns itself with the art of cheerfulness.

Why has England of all the countries in Europe failed to appreciate Andersen as a novelist, an essayist, and a poet? As a rule, she is eager enough to weigh the merits of foreign celebrities, and has recognised the claims of at least

The House in which Hans Andersen was born at Odense.

"In the year 1805 there lived here, in a small mean room, a young married couple who were extremely attached to each other: he was a shoemaker, scarcely twenty-two years old, a man of richly gifted and truly poetical mind. His wife, a few years older than himself, was ignorant of life and of the world, but possessed a heart full of love. The young man had himself made his shoemaking bench and the bedstead with which he began housekeeping; this bedstead he had made out of the wooden frame which had borne only a short time before the coffin of the deceased Count Trampe as he lay in state, and the remnants of the black cloth on the woodwork kept the fact still in remembrance. Instead of a noble corpse, surrounded by crape and wax lights, here lay, on the second of April, 1805, a living and weeping child—that was myself, Hans Christian Andersen."—Hans Christian Andersen, "The Fairy-Tale of my Life." (Translation by Mary Howitt.)

The Market-place at Odense (Hans Andersen's native town), with a view of St. Knud's Church.

"Odense was at one time my principal chief city, and still St. Knud's Church is the most magnificent I know. God knows whether St. Peter's in Rome would make upon me now that I am older, the impression which this made upon me as a child."—Hans Christian Andersen, "O. T." (Translation by Mary Howitt.)

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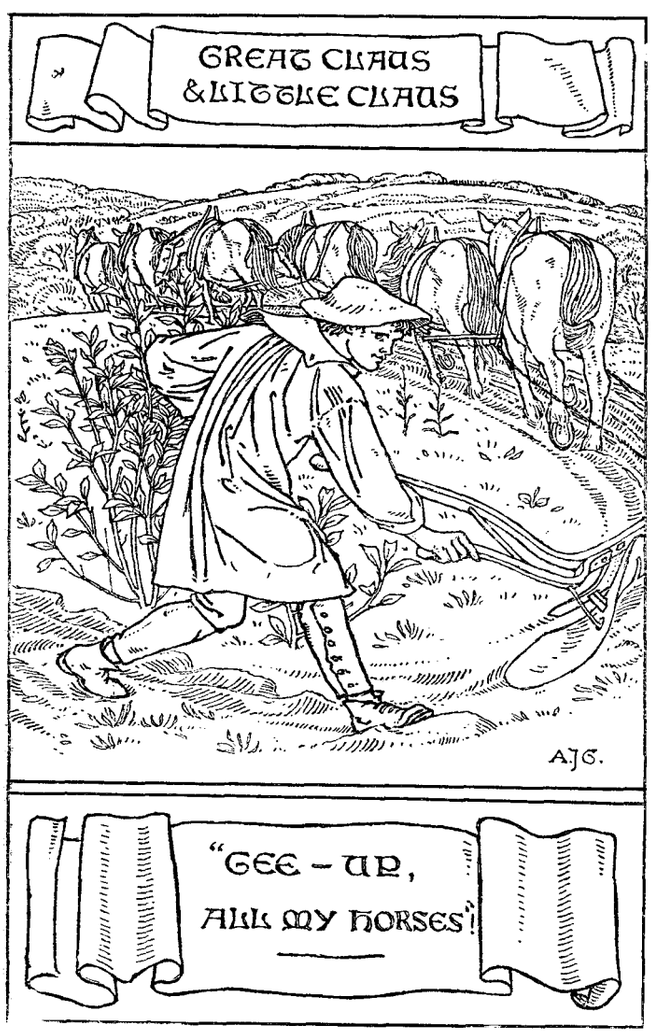
two great men of the north, Björnson and Ibsen. Why Björnson and Ibsen, and not Andersen? Of the three men he has probably made the highest bid for immortality. His creative genius is certainly the greatest. Of course we do not pretend that he was an equally great dramatist. As a dramatist he must inevitably take second rank; much as he loved the theatre and things theatrical, he had neither the stage-craft nor the combination of qualities required to produce a "Nora" or an "Uber die Kraft." His plays are scarcely performed at all outside Denmark: they are ephemeral productions, though he perhaps would hardly have liked a candid friend to tell him that, for both as a boy in Odense and as a man in Copenhagen he loved the drama with peculiar tenderness. Why his novels, his essays, and his poems have not received their due meed of praise in the British Isles is a question which I confess I am unable to answer. Possibly they have not been sufficiently well translated. Yet the fairy-tales have been singularly well put into English, as has also the little copy of "In Sweden" which I possess. It is a mystery—a mystery to which the Encyclopædia



From a Drawing by Arthur J. Gaskin. **Big Claus and Little Claus.**

"They looked at Little Claus, who was ploughing with the five horses, and he was so pleased that he cracked his whip and called out: 'Gee up, all my horses!'

"'You must not say that,' said Big Claus. 'Only one of the horses is yours!'

"But when some people again were passing on their way to church, Little Claus forgot that he must not say it, and shouted: 'Gee up, all my horses!'" —"Big Claus and Little Claus."

(Reproduced from "Stories and Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen," by kind permission of Mr. George Allen.)

From a Drawing by W. H. Robinson. **Hans Clodhopper.**

"He seated himself astride the billy-goat, dug his heels into its sides, and galloped off down the high-road. Whew! what a pace they went at.

"'Here I come,' shouted Hans Clodhopper, and he sang till the air rang with it.

"The brothers rode on in silence, they did not say a word to each other, for they had to store up every good idea which they wanted to produce later on, and their speeches had to be very carefully thought out.

"'Halloo!' shouted Hans Clodhopper, 'here I come; see what I've found on the road,' and he showed them a dead crow."—"Hans Clodhopper."

(Reproduced from "Andersen's Fairy Tales," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

Britannica does not attempt to find a clue. Among the half-dozen Andersens, whose life-stories are briefly recounted in its pages, Hans Christian does not figure. In Germany and Austria he certainly stands in no need of being "discovered." "The Fiddler" and many of his other works, including of course the Fairy Tales, have long since appeared in the pink paper dress of the Universal-Bibliothek, and can be bought for the merest song. In Denmark—in the native land he loved so dearly, for he was above all things a Dane, never cosmopolitan—he is held in equal reverence with his great fellow-countryman Thorvaldsen, the sculptor, to whom he has paid such a graceful tribute in his inimitable book of sketches, "The Picture-Book without Pictures," or, as I believe it has been entitled in English, "What the Moon Saw."

The men of all others with whom the English-speaking race would expect us to compare Andersen are the brothers Grimm, and on a ground which is so narrow that it is difficult to stand upon it. The three wrote fairy-tales forsooth! But the brothers Grimm did not, after all, in any true sense, write fairy-tales. Their work, a most valuable contribution to the literary harvest of the last century, was a compilation. They rescued treasure-trove from the floating wreckage of tradition, and their raft was laden with things for the preservation of which the German people, to whom they belonged, had previously been all too careless. Hans Christian

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Andersen's raft was piled high with his own goods—with the gorgeous output of his creative mind. It floats down the River of Time draped in the garlands of his luxuriant fancy, bright with the mild gracious sunlight of his tender humour, encrusted with the many-faceted jewels of his glancing wit. It is an honest—an admirable thing to gather together that which assuredly should not be lost, but a compiler, however worthy, is not on the same plain as a man of original genius. Jakob Ludwig and Wilhelm Karl Grimm were scholars as well as the narrators of popular folk-tales, and they contributed valuably to the scholarship of their age, but in neither of them was the running sap of creative force. They were *esprits de belles lettres* it is true, but only in the second rank.

The greatest fault to be found with their "Haus und Kindermärchen" is, in my opinion, the absolute lack of individuality displayed by the characters. For each fresh tale the stage is rigged up anew, but the same half-dozen types strut about it. The youngest brother and the downtrodden sister must of course come out on the top, but they are too inevitably paired off with a royal consort; and the machinations of the wicked stepmother, which might be thrilling enough, are too often rendered comfortably dull by the moral certainty that the last paragraph will be devoted to frustrating them and rolling her down a hill in a spiked barrel. Now, there is no reason on earth why the characters in an impossible tale should not have very possible and individual personalities. The animals in "Æsop's Fables" are distinctive. The fox and the goose and the crane have each a different outlook on life. Probably their only point in common is the every-day, human failing of each imagining himself to be the centre of the universe.

The brothers Grimm have missed this. Perhaps it was not their fault. They were compilers, and, as such, too conscientious to trifle with the material they had so laboriously collected. They held fast to the skirts of Tradition, and she, though interesting in her waywardness, is not an artist. This brings us back to their inferiority to Andersen. He was unencumbered by any machinery of retributive justice, and when he took up his pen to write one or other of his "Märchen," he had not got one eye fixed on popular opinion. He did not, for example, think godmothers were the only philanthropists, and if he indulged a national affection and wrote a great deal about storks, it was because he loved storks himself. He did not regard them as "properties," but as the strange, long-legged birds which had built their stick nests in the roof of the old house in Odense, and flapped their wings above his childish head. There is a more or less justifiable prejudice in the world in favour of tales that end up "and they were married and lived happily ever after." The subject of this article, though untinged by the gloomy melancholy which pervades at this latter-day, was given, even in the Fairy Tales, to set it somewhat at defiance, and several of his tales end in a minor key. His principal novel, "Kun en Spillemand" ("The Fiddler"), notably does, yet the impression it leaves on the mind is not a dreary one, for, it must be remembered, a performance in the minor key of life is not necessarily dismal: it sometimes stirs us to tears of genuine relief. He certainly liked a happy ending, if he could contrive it without violating any human law, for he was not one of those who love tragedy, with

From a Drawing by Hans Tegner. **The Broken Mirror.**

"The higher they flew with the mirror the more distorted and ridiculous the reflections became, till they could scarcely hold it for laughter; higher and higher they flew, nearer to God and the angels; then the mirror trembled so violently in its distortions that it slipped from their hands, and fell down to the earth, where it broke into hundreds of millions and billions of pieces; but just on that account it caused greater misfortune than before, for some pieces were hardly as big as a grain of sand, and these flew about all over the world, and when they got into people's eyes they stuck there, and made everything appear to them topsy-turvy, or made them only see the wrong side of things, for every piece had retained the same power as the whole mirror."—"The Snow Queen."

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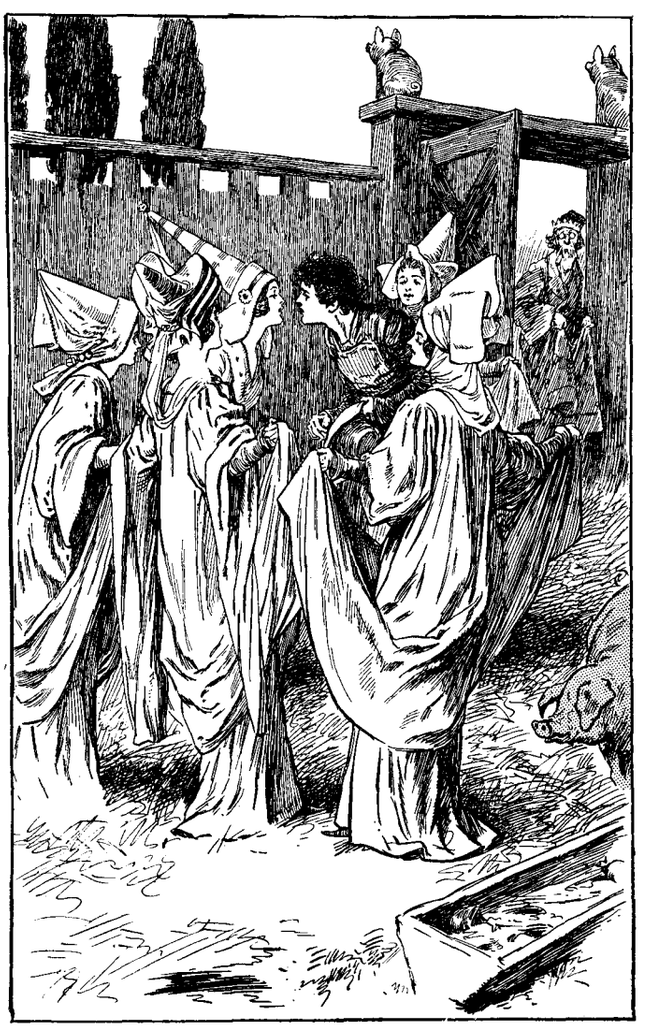
all the stops pulled out, for its own sake—just as village people love a funeral; nor had he any of that fierce joy in making us wretched, displayed by some modern novelists, whose one idea seems to be to leave their heroines out in the drifting rain or their heroes buried under the Southern Cross ; but he was an artist, and, as such, set telling the truth, as he conceived it, high above any other aim, and he told it unrelentingly, even when it did not include a marriage or a blare of trumpets. Yet I do not think this fact contradicts the assertion that the teaching he tried to instil was largely connected with the doctrine of cheerfulness. But he was a pitiful man, therefore he was not blatantly cheerful. He did not tell those to whom the gods had been unkind that they had probably got as much as they deserved, and ought to be as ready as anybody to sing the Nunc Dimittis from the bottom of their hearts. He knew there were plenty of stony-hearted people in the world carrying about that message, and he had no desire to swell their ranks. During those bitter years when he was receiving an education at the hands of charity, he had encountered many such wry-faced tutors, and he found their teaching had a hardening effect. He knew the



From a Drawing by Gordon Browne. **The Swineherd.**

"'A hundred kisses from the Princess,' said he, 'or each shall keep his own.'

"'Stand before me,' said she then; and all the maids of honour stood before her while he kissed the Princess.

"'What is that crowd down by the pigsty?' asked the Emperor, who had stepped out to the balcony. He rubbed his eyes, and put on his spectacles. 'Why, those are the maids of honour, at their tricks, yonder; I shall have to go down to them.'"—"The Swineherd."

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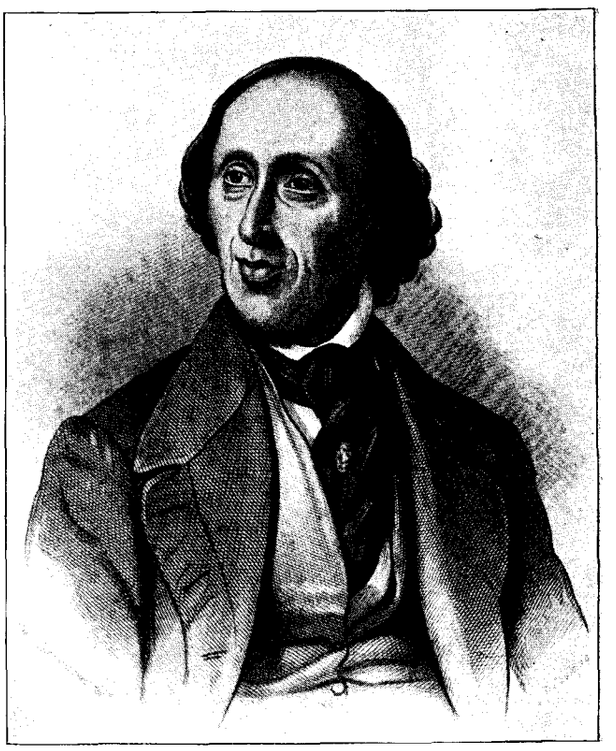

Rischgitz Collection. **Hans Christian Andersen.**

world could be a very hard place, and on the very best authority—his own battlings with life. He recognised that life was inevitably and eternally a battle, and perceived that nothing was to be gained by an attempt to inculcate the *joie de vivre* either by insisting on it or by presenting human nature and human possibilities under rosy aspects, such as they have never exhibited since the world was evolved from chaos. What he tried to do was this—to show that, after all, a great deal of sweet went with the bitter; that life, being but an April day, would have showers as well as sunshine; that it was to our advantage to endure such in as philosophic a spirit as we could; and that, if the worst came to the worst, to look on the best side of things was to exercise a manly virtue. This, I take it, is the true doctrine. We shall touch later on a kindred subject.

There was an element of spontaneity about all that he wrote, and his treatment was so natural that his writings, especially his short tales and sketches, often touch the high-water mark of art and read artlessly. He wrote of things just as it seemed to him they would have occurred, always bearing in mind that it is the unexpected that is inclined to happen. However, it must be confessed he did not see Nature as the majority of people do, any more than they see Nature with the eyes of a David Teniers or a Turner, to take two extremes. But as Schopenhauer says, "Die Welt ist meine Vorstellung," and each man must present the world as he sees it. This Andersen faithfully did, and many people might envy him his peculiar gift of vision. He had, in common with the poet Burns, a fine gift for the small things of life—no incident was too slight to be reckoned with, no detail minute enough to escape his mental vision. His mind had no shut windows. He was readily touched by small pathoses, small joys, and small weaknesses. "The Picture-Book without Pictures" (almost his top notch) illustrates this quality of mind

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better than anything else that he wrote. It is the Doxology of the Small. One of the chief lessons he drew from life was that the unimportant things are often the most important, that the things we remember best are not according to codes and creeds and maxims worth remembering at all. In this theory there is much truth. Young children, who will notoriously forget the death of a near relative in the course of a week or so, generally preserve some fragmentary recollections of odd domestic happenings, which they will carry with them through life, as uninjured by the coming and going of the years as is the fly in the amber. For example, one's first conscious recollection might be of a certain marmalade-jar of a certain shape and colour that always stood on the breakfast-table, and in after life the sight of that jar, or a similar one, would recall to one's mind the confused sensations of early childhood with more vividness than the longest and most detailed narrative of family history ever listened to from the lips of an elderly female relation. The point need not be pushed further, for the principle at issue is essentially a philosophical one, and discussions concerning it are apt to trail off into by-ways of abstract speculation, with which this present article has nothing to do. Hans Christian Andersen was not, in a learned sense, a philosopher, but there is a great deal of shrewd philosophy, such as the world at large can appreciate, in what he wrote, and he

From a Drawing by Hans Tegner.

The Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town.

"And the woman from the marsh began her story.

"'There were grand doings out here in the marsh yesterday! There was a children's party! A little will-o'-the-wisp was born here, in fact, there were twelve of them born to the same family, and to them it is given to become, if they choose, mortals, and to appear, act, and command as if they were human beings. . . . I sat on the cupboard there, and had all the twelve new-born will-o'-the-wisps in my lap; they shone like glow-worms, and were already beginning to jump and increase in size every minute, so that before a quarter of an hour had passed they all began to look just as large as if they were fathers or uncles. Now, it is an old-established law and privilege, that when the moon stands in the sky just as she did yesterday, and the same wind blows which blew yesterday, it is decreed and granted to all the will-o'-the-wisps who are born in that hour and in that minute, to become mortals, and through the whole year to exercise their power everywhere, one and all of them."—"The Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town."

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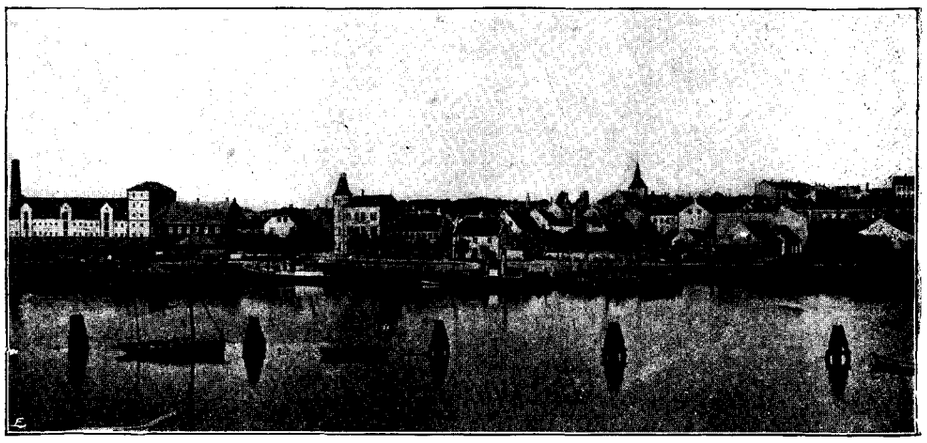
is probably the only writer of fiction who has done ample justice to this *power of association*. He recognised in it a subtle and deep-seated faculty to which the beginning of many results in after life might be traced. He was of the opinion that a man's whole future fortune might turn on a game he played as a child. Such a fine appreciation of small things—such an aptitude for detail—would be a very dangerous possession for a man of letters did it not run in double harness with a capacity for nice discrimination. Fortunately in Andersen's case it did. He never fell into the fallacy of supposing that, because the important happenings of life are often externally trivial, therefore all externally trivial happenings are important. His eye was true with regard to salient points, and his tales are never overburdened. Some of them—the shorter fairy-tales, in particular—are plain to bareness. But they grip. Moreover, it must be remembered he was a master of style. He could, in a few happy words, clutch a new truth from a commonplace, and he had an inexhaustible fund of simile and metaphor, of which he made free use, but which never led him into the error of tediousness. There is nothing final to be said about his style: it eludes hard-and-fast definition. Perhaps the best adjective to apply to it is "happy." He had the good fortune to think some very happy thoughts about men and things, and the almost better fortune to express some very ordinary ones happily. For example, when he described people in love for the first time as seeing the world through a *prismatic glass*, so that, for them, for the time being, "seven-coloured Hope" rested on each of life's hard corners and sharply-defined limitations, he was only giving expression to the old truth that at such a period of existence we are all liable to look at things through rose-coloured spectacles; but he was not only expressing it in a new and therefore arresting manner, but was also making use of a figure of speech which surely hails from a higher region of fancy. The *prismatic glass* certainly appeals to a finer and more imaginative faculty of mind than the *rose-coloured spectacles*, and is perhaps for that reason less likely to be popular.

Mr. W. B. Yeats says he believes in fairies, an article of faith which Mr. Barrie—if one may judge by "The Little White Bird"—probably shares with him. Hans Christian Andersen had also his quaint fancy. He believed that everything was alive, and he had as lief relate the adventures of a gilded top and a kid ball (inflated by the knowledge that she had a cork inside) as those of courtiers and merchants. His little toy soldier is a more convincing creation than the heavy-moustached "Captain in the Guards" of some latter-day novelists. In



Svendborg.

The scene of Christian's Boyhood in Hans Andersen's famous novel, "Only a Fiddler" (Kun en Spillemand).

"The town of Svendborg still bears the stamp of a little country-town of the last century; irregular houses, the upper stories of which protrude beyond the lower, and rest upon isolated props, gable-ends, which deprive the neighbour of all view at the side, broad flights of steps leading to the doorways, with stone or wooden benches placed on either side of the door, are still everywhere to be found there. . . . One sees from the High Street down upon the roofs and chimneys of the little neighbouring street, and overlooks a considerable portion of the Svendborg Sound." —"Only a Fiddler."

From a Drawing by Helen Stratton. **The Marsh King's Daughter.**

"Patiently she let herself be lifted on to the back of the horse, and sat there like one walks in his sleep, who is not awake, but yet is not moving in his dream. The Christian fastened two boughs together with a strip of bark to form a cross, and held it aloft in his hands. So they rode through the forest, which became denser as the way grew deeper, or rather, there was no way at all."—"The Marsh King's Daughter."

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these days of prolific Christmas literature for children, we are well accustomed to the animation of the inanimate; when Andersen wrote talking was not considered part of a darning-needle's mission. His undertaking was a dangerous one, with more than the usual number of possibilities of straying into the by-ways of bathos. With less genius some of his stories might have drifted into sheer nonsense (as many of his disciples have demonstrated in treating similar themes), but he was a man of genius, and he was not afraid. He succeeded signally.

And this brings us back to the brothers Grimm. The more we think of it, the plainer it becomes that between them and Andersen there exists, after all, no true parallel. The difference between their merits, with regard to the fairy-tales, is not so much one of quality as kind. To be sure, the child on the hearth-rug, reading by the firelight, cares as little whether the Grimms' work be a compilation or no, as he does for the brilliancy of Andersen's style, and the child on the hearth-rug has, as far as England is concerned, been, up to the present, Hans Christian's most weighty critic. Children know what they like, and their criticism has the supreme merit of a blunt and unbiassed frankness, which renders their approbation, when won, peculiarly flattering; and in this case it is flattering enough, but there is surely a higher court of appeal for judgment on a man of genius? Children are not permitted the final word with regard to the services rendered to philology by the brothers Grimm.

We have compared Andersen incidentally to Burns. There is a man of letters with whom he has far more in common. I mean Stevenson. The genius of the two men was not only very much of the same quality, but they were actuated by the same likes and dislikes. They had the same delight in action and a bustling life, the same unswerving sense of truth, the same desire to hold high the banner of morality, the same yearning tenderness over some human failings and unexpected sternness with others, the same tendency to surface inconsistency, caused by now looking at life from the artist's standpoint and anon from that of the ruck, the same contempt for those who chose the lower in preference to the higher, the same intense and unalterable hatred of shams. Neither of them could forgive anybody for liking the artificial things of life better than roses and nightingales. Andersen, in particular, thought any fate good enough for such a miserable specimen of humanity, and he left his princess out in the rain, with her saucepan and her rattle, without a syllable of regret.

He was not, of course, without his faults, and, though some people may be of opinion that they hardly come within the scope of an "Appreciation," I will, nevertheless, venture to touch on one defect which has been laid at his door. He has been accused of being oversentimental—"etwas zu süss," as the Germans call it; and as Stevenson says, "There is too much tootling on the sentimental lute nowadays." But we must remember he did not live in our days, but belonged to a rougher, sterner generation. He had, as we have noticed, a hard upbringing. Those to whom he was forced to render an unwilling obedience were not actuated by any sentimental fear of hurting his feelings. The good people in the little town of Odense, in the green isle of Fünen, where his early years were spent, were as parochial as the inhabitants of such isolated spots usually are, and thought the scantily-fed "play-writer" a strange, wild sort of youth, who would have been better employed in carrying the linen home for his mother, the widowed washerwoman, than in dreaming colossal, unremunerative dreams. They were not slow to express their opinions. Later on, when, after some friendless tossings in Copenhagen, his indomitable pluck and brilliantly promising talents had secured him an education at the

From a Drawing by Gordon Browne.

The Travelling Companion.

"All was quiet in the whole town. Now the clock struck a quarter to twelve, the window was opened, and the Princess came out in a long white cloak, and with black wings, and flew away across the town to a great mountain. But the travelling companion made himself invisible, so that she did not see him at all, and flew behind her, and whipped the Princess with his rod, so that the blood almost came wherever he struck. Oh, that was a voyage through the air! The wind caught her cloak, so that it spread out on all sides like a great sail, and the moon shone through it."—"The Travelling Companion."

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hands of charity, he was entrusted to a brutal tutor, who gave the ambitious, high-spirited lad a piece of his savage mind, or a beating, without much thought for the dignity of the future man of letters. He was not encouraged till he had succeeded in life, when encouragement is more or less superfluous. All his early circumstances tended to render him bitter, but he was not embittered. The many miserable tears he shed acted on his disposition as an April shower does on the soil: they were the cause of a sweet, pleasant fragrance of sympathy that clung to him throughout his life. But all this may be thought to be begging the question; was he over-sentimental or not? Jane Austen showed her nice appreciation of the distinction between terms when she called her novel "Sense and Sensibility." There is a somewhat similar distinction between sentiment and sentimentalism. Of sentiment he had an abundance; of sentimentalism little or none. He was moved easily to tears, but he wept in a manly and not an unmanly fashion. For the sake of his own unforgettable past he was patient with all ambitious strugglers, even when he thought the road they were going probably led nowhere.

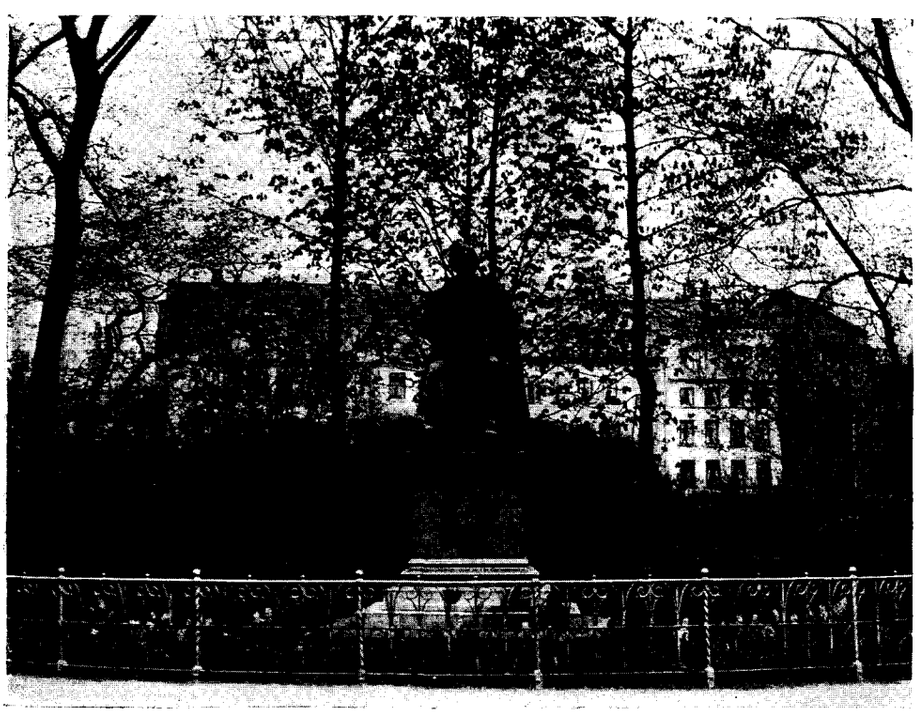
There was always an *in case*. In "Kun en Spillemand" he has shown us clearly that in his opinion the justification of ambition of any kind is not material success, but moral success—the consciousness of having chosen the higher thing, of having, according to one's lights, done the best one can with life. Andersen himself succeeded in both senses, but he recognised that his own case was exceptional, and in his novel, Christian, the violinist, who "wanted to fly to the sun," is not permitted to pierce the gray cloud rack of this life's troubles and disappointments.

Bust of Hans Christian Andersen in the Carlsberg Glyptothek, Copenhagen.

His friends would cal him a "failure"; but Andersen sets on his brow the dignity of success—or rather of that noble sort of failure that is better than many kinds of success.

His first book, "A Foot Journey to Amak," was humorous, and on it he made a comment which is worthy of being remembered, as it is pregnantly expressive of his attitude towards life. He says: "It fully expressed my state of mind at the time, especially my propensity to turn everything into a jest, and with tears in my eyes to make sport of my feelings."

Now, the man who can "make sport" of his own feelings is no whiner. Though his eyes be full of tears, he has nought to do with hypochondria — has clambered beyond such valley damp: he is a brave, a manly man. This Hans Christian Andersen certainly was.



Statue of Hans Christian Andersen in the Park, Copenhagen.

At the end of one of the avenues in the Rosenborg Park, or, as it is generally called, the King's Garden, is the statue of Hans Christian Andersen, by Saabye. He is represented sitting with one hand stretched out as though in the act of telling a fairy tale.

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"KATHARINE FRENSHAM."

By A. St. John Adcock.

THERE are certain novelists—and they are few—whose style is glamorous with an elusive, indefinable quality that one despairingly attempts to define by speaking of it as "charm." It is an atmosphere, a fragrance, a subtle emanation from the writer's personality, and no effect of an art or knowledge that anyone may acquire by taking thought. It is the secret of whoever posseses it, but he does not know how he came by it, and cannot explain how he conjures with it, knowing only that this particular magic does somehow belong to him, and is as indubitably his as Ariel was Prospero's.

Miss Beatrice Harraden.
From a hitherto unpublished Photograph.

Of the few novelists who have been endowed with this indefinable charm of manner, Miss Beatrice Harraden is one. It is the dominating quality of her "Ships that Pass in the Night"; it is potent in other of her books; and it is present in "Katharine Frensham," but in a lesser degree, partly, no doubt, because in many of its aspects, the very nature of the story called for the exercise of other and stronger powers.

For "Katharine Frensham" opens with a close study of two jarring and incompatible temperaments, and is largely a study of difficult temperaments throughout; it handles a grim and baffling psychological problem; and merges all into a love romance that is full of the passion of first love, with an added depth and seriousness that is not found in first loves of the conventional pattern, for here the lovers are a man and woman who have left their youth some years behind them and are already middle-aged.

In the beginning Clifford Thornton is married, and has lived through sixteen years of unhappiness with Marianne, his wife. He has borne his misery silently, as a man so inherently reticent and painfully undemonstrative was bound to do; and only "Knutty," the old Danish woman who had been his nurse, has any real conception of what he endures, though even she did not realise to the full "the seriousness of the havoc which sixteen years of uncongenial companionship with Marianne had wrought in his spirit. He had kept his secret hidden away from the world, hidden away until the last from Marianne, almost hidden away from himself. Knutty only knew that he had married the wrong woman—married a coarse-fibred person, who could never appreciate his delicate sensitiveness of brain and character, the innate chivalry of his heart, and the great possibilities of his intellect, which needed, however, a protecting care to bring them to easy and natural development. She saw, as the years went by, that Clifford's labours in his own branch of work were being grievously hindered, and she had heard in scientific circles" (by the way, one rather wonders what Knutty was doing in scientific circles; but possibly the information filtered to her through her nephew and niece, the botanists), "that he was not considered to be fulfilling the brilliant promise of early manhood . . . Something was wrong with him. Knutty knew that that something was Marianne. Sometimes when she had questioned him, on his visits to her at Copenhagen, he had said, shrugging his shoulders, 'Temperamental strife, Knutty. Temperamental strife, nearly everyone's trouble.'"

Finally, he comes to the conclusion that to save his life from going utterly to wreck, he and his wife must part. They have one son, the boy Alan, and to him Clifford communicates his decision. Alan had known that the two were out of sympathy with each other, but had never guessed that the tension between them was so acute, or that such a catastrophe was imminent, and this knowledge of the truth comes upon him with an overwhelming shock. He loves his father, being, like him, shy and proudly sensitive, and though he is not particularly attached to his mother, he is wrung with anguish at the prospect of being parted from her, and is mortified, moreover, and feels it to be "a disgrace that there should be any serious difference between his parents."

The day after Clifford confides in his son, Marianne returns from a tour in Scotland "in a state of great mental excitement," having resolved, under the sinister influence of her bosom friend, Mrs. Stanhope, "who had always taken an unsympathetic view of Clifford's character, to propose to him an immediate deed of separation." She sees that Alan's manner is troubled, and, as soon as she is alone with him, abruptly questions him, and learns what his father has been saying to him. She is irritated that Clifford should have taken the initiative with the boy in her absence, and, jealously resentful of his championship of his father, cries, "You are just like him. Make your lives together, and find your happiness in each other. I don't want either of you." With that she sweeps downstairs tempestuously into Clifford's laboratory, where he is working at a delicate chemical test, and, startling him by her sudden, violent entrance, mars the results of a month's experimentalising.

That night in his study, he sits dozing and musing, "I have paid enough. I can and will pay no more." And suddenly he is asleep, and, in his dreams, facing his wife and telling her "all his locked inmost thoughts of her." . . . "You have never known me for what I am," he said passionately. "You have spoiled my life, my spirit, and ruined my best talents. . . . Listen to me. If ever a man has been spiritually murdered, it is I. But now the barrier of silence is broken down,

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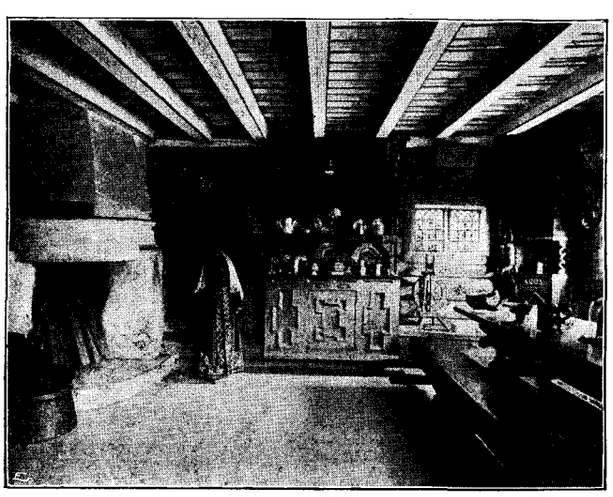
The Giant Mountains of Norway.

"In the distance across the lake, they could see the snow-peaks of the great Jutenheim range—the home of the giants. Around them rose strange weird mountain forms, each one suggestive of wayward and grim fancy. . . . And above them passed in tumultuous procession the wonders of a Norwegian mountain evening sky of summer-time: clouds of delicate fabric, clouds of heavy texture: calm fairy visions, changing imperceptibly to wild and angry spectacle: sudden pictures of fierce and passionate joy, and lingering impressions of deepest melancholy—all of it faithfully typical of the strange Norwegian temperament."—"Katharine Frensham."

and I dare to tell you what in my inmost heart I really think of you. I dare to tell you that I despise your paltry mind and petty temperament; that your atmosphere is an insult to me, and that I long and thirst and am starved to be free from the pressure of your daily presence. You have been merciless to me with your uncontrolled rages, your insane jealousies of me, my work, my ambitions, and my friends. I can bear it all no longer. The day on which we go our own ways will be the day of my re-birth. And that day shall be to-morrow—now—even now . . ."

He wakes, and is thankful to find it nothing but a dream. "It was horrible," he said. "Poor Marianne, poor Marianne! You must not know the truth which kills. Poor Marianne! We must pick up the bits to-morrow—somehow." But there is to be no to-morrow. On his way upstairs he hears his wife calling, and goes to her. She is standing in her room horror-stricken, "her face bearing the same expression of pain and astonishment which he had seen in his dreams.



The Peise-Stue (Norwegian Interior).

"The old Peise-stue in which they were sitting was a typical old Norwegian room, with its quaint painted furniture, its sideboard adorned with inscriptions, its Peise in the corner, fitted up in true old fashion with a shelf on the top, which was furnished with carved and painted jugs and bowls. There was, of course, a recess in the wall for the Langeleik, and a queer little cupboard for the housewife's keys. Old carved and painted mangles (manglebret), marriage gifts to several generations, hung on the walls. The Kubbestul, made from a solid block of wood, stood in the corner."—"Katharine Frensham."

'Clifford,' she sobbed, 'I dreamed that you had been telling me you hated and despised me, that I was an insult to your life and talents, that I had ruined your life, murdered your spirit, and crushed out all the best in you. Tell me, tell me it was only a dream. . . .'" He cries to her excitedly that "it was only a dream—your dream—and my dream," and then is appalled that he has betrayed himself. "You dreamed it," she says, when he has tried to explain and minimise the truth, "and it was so vivid to you that it broke through all barriers and reached me in my dream. . . ." She sees the dire significance of his so vivid vision, and as he leaves her she says bitterly, "You stab me with your dreams."

In the morning Marianne is found in her room, leaning back in the armchair—dead. At the inquest she is found to have died of heart failure—she had been suffering from heart disease for some time past—but Clifford cannot acquit himself. He is stricken with remorse, and obsessed with a conviction that he is to blame for her death, that in a manner he has murdered her. He is martyred thereafter by his own temperament, as before he had been martyred by hers.

Nothing in the book is more powerfully and dramatically imagined and developed than these opening chapters and this episode of the dream. Their mutual sorrow draws father and son closer together for awhile, though his mother's death has filled the boy with compassion for her, and the memory of how unhappily she had lived with his father, and how he had been on the verge of discarding her, rankles in him. Presently he meets Mrs. Stanhope, and she maliciously poisons his mind with hints and innuendoes and plain statements that seem to cast the blame for Marianne's misery and her death upon Clifford, and from that time Alan doubts and gets out of touch with his father, and the two begin to drift apart, each being too reserved, too temperamentally inarticulate to open his heart to the other.

Knutty comes over to look after them, and is puzzled and troubled by the evident coldness that has grown up between them. On her advice, they go on a journey across the world together, to try and forget the past that is haunting them both. Just before they start, Clifford is introduced to Katharine Frensham at the house of her brother, and, as their eyes meet, he and she have a strange feeling that they have met before, and from that moment each has a thought of the other at heart.

"Ak," Knutty had said, "he was meant to be cared for and loved by some dear woman with a suitable aura. And where is she, the wretch? She must be waiting somewhere in space for him, if he could only see her and capture her at once. Ak, how glad I should be! Ak, how I should cry aloud, 'I see daylight!'" And she sees daylight directly she sees Katharine. It happens that Katharine goes to Norway to deliver a parcel of botanical specimens that has been entrusted to her for the delightfully humorous pair of botanists, Ejnar and Gerda, the nephew and niece with whom Knutty is staying. From Knutty she learns much of Clifford, and is too finely simple and transparently honest to hide from his old nurse that she loves him. A week or two later, Clifford and his son, on their way home from their

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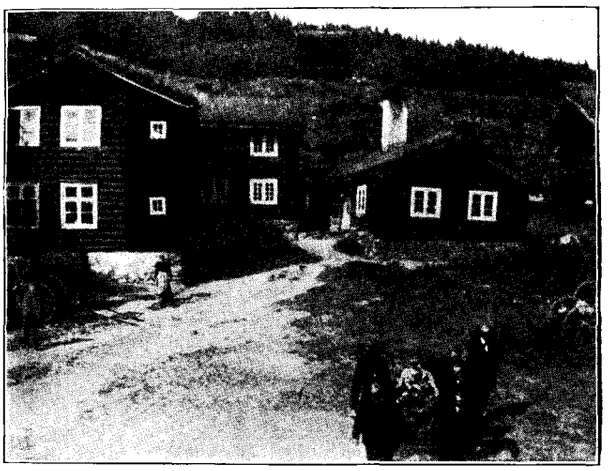
journeyings, arrive also in Norway, and he and Katharine meet again, and some of the most delicate and carefully written passages in the novel are those that tell how, by her love of him, by her instinctive tact, her fine sensibility, and wholesome common-sense, Katharine brings about a complete reunion betwixt him and his son, and wins him to shake off his distorted nightmare of the past and to be just to Marianne and to himself.

From the evening when, shortly after his wife's death, Clifford enters the house of Ronald Frensham in London, and sees Katharine standing in the music-room, while her brother and his quaint old German, Italian, and French friends, her three faithful admirers, are playing a quartette, she is the good angel whose influence, whether she is absent or present, leads him always back towards the light; and always from that evening the story is her story—the record of what she does, or of what is done for the sake of her. She is a beautiful and a gracious personality. "What a darling she is, and how delightful to look upon, and with a fine temperament!" says Knutty. "Simple and easy as a child. Built on a big scale, mind and body."

Equally well drawn, in her widely different way, is Knutty herself, the obese, genial, kindly, worldly-wise old Norwegian. Alan, too, is an extraordinarily natural boy of his type, morbidly supersensitive, boyishly chivalrous and shy, and perhaps the least bit of a prig. The Norwegian magistrate, the peasants and minor people of Norway generally, are depicted with a photographic truth and clearness of outline. So much space is given to the incidental Norwegian characters, and folk-songs, and scenery that the art and perspective of the novel come perilously near to suffering for them, and yet one can scarcely regret it, seeing that the quaint personages and the curious, old-world, fast-vanishing customs and solemnities so intimately and sympathetically described in these pages have a human and historical interest and value peculiarly their own.



Bedstemor's House at the Gaard.

"The principal dwelling-place of the Gaard had been considerably added to in modern times. The old part was in the middle, and new wings had been built on either side, a whole new storey with a slate roof added, and a new balcony and porch. So that the Gaard proper in which Mor Inga reigned was a curious mixture of the old and the new: the new part being painted pink, and the old part keeping its ancient glory intact. But Bedstemor's house was untouched by modern hands; in fact, all the houses which formed part of the settlement were just as they had been for two or three hundred years. Bedstemor's house was the largest of them all."—"Katharine Frensham."

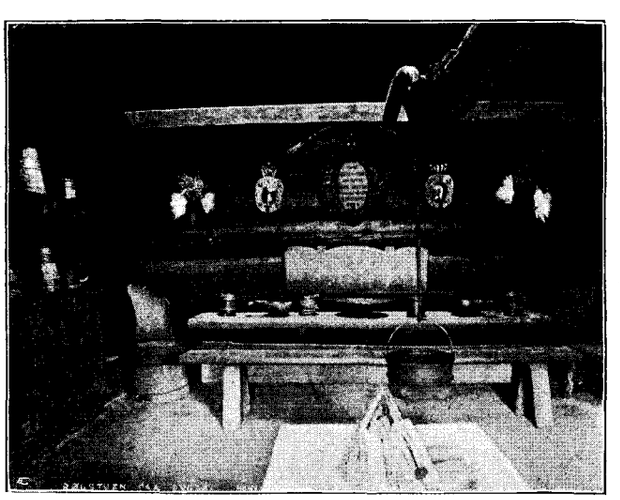
It were futile to inquire whether "Katharine Frensham" is to rank as a greater book than its predecessors; it is too different in theme and treatment to be profitably compared with them, but that it will be equally popular there are already abundant evidences. It is being simultaneously translated into French, German, Danish, and Norwegian, and, in this country, within a few weeks after publication it is selling its twentieth thousand. For all its undertone of tragedy and the pathos that gathers about the forlorn figures of Clifford and his son, through the eyes of Knutty and of Katharine the book has the right, healthful, and courageous outlook upon life, and its story grows upon and holds the interest of the reader because of the mingling humour and human pity and anguish that are the warp and woof of it as they are of life itself.

SIR FRANK BURNAND'S RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES.*

By M. H. Spielmann.

IN giving his reminiscences to the world Sir Frank Burnand seems to have conceived and executed his task otherwise than in the ordinary spirit of the autobiographer. There is no suggestion of his being weighed down by the importance and solemnity of his *apologia*, no acknowledgment of the formality of the undertaking, no consciousness of the exactions of an expectant audience. He appears to have written his book for the fun of it, simply to please himself. Every author, Goethe tells us, portrays himself in his works, even against his will. No author, it may be added, ever willingly portrayed himself with greater satisfaction than the editor of *Punch*, or knew better how to convey that sense of satisfaction to his readers.

It is an entertaining book, full of stories, of reminiscences of scores of those pleasant people—the literary,



A Norwegian Interior.

"Years afterwards Katharine was able to recall every detail of the surroundings: the Lur (horn) hanging on the wall, and in those parts still used for calling to the cattle; the Langeleik (an old kind of zither) in its own special recess, seldom found missing in real old Norwegian houses . . . . the old wooden balances, which seemed to belong to the period of the Ar"—"Katharine Frensham."

* "Records and Reminiscences, Personal and General." By Sir Francis C. Burnand. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Methuen and Co.)

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artistic, musical, theatrical, journalistic notorieties—who made up the inhabitants of Upper Bohemia from 1860 onwards. Then, too, we have the more serious side of Sir Frank's life and character, his religious views and experiences, on which he lays considerable stress. He frequently returns to this subject; he tells us with quite touching simplicity the story of his conversion; of his father's fury, of his own sacrifice for conscience' sake, and gives us glimpses into the ecclesiastical world he soon came to frequent. His pictures of Cardinal Manning and others, and of life at the Oblates'; the circumstances that turned him from the priesthood to burlesque-writing, are laid before us with frank humour, yet with a touch that must compel respect for his moral courage, whether the individual reader agree with his theology or not. His sketch of Eton, rather long perhaps, but to the non-Etonian extremely interesting, presents a vivid impression of life at the great school as it was in his day, and doubtless it has not greatly changed since. Next he throws upon the screen of this magic-lantern entertainment pictures of club-land of the early sixties, of the Arundel, the former Garrick, and the like, up to the most aristocratic establishments; then a regular little panorama of life on *Punch*. A click, and we are at the wings of the transpontine theatre of those days, of the Olympic, too, and the Strand, and a dozen more, peopled with all that little army of dramatic names we have learned to admire; and we are not merely presented to them, but are made free of their Christian names, and are even taught to abbreviate many of *them* into pet-names. When we are encouraged to talk of Montagu (Williams), Mark (Lemon), Gil (à Beckett), George (Augustus Sala), Kiki (George du Maurier), and so forth, we feel grateful for the privilege of being introduced to the intimacy of a family party so distinguished, by favour of a sponsor as genial, light-hearted, and popular as Frank Burnand. He is a jovial fellow, in truth, who cannot keep his cheeriness from bubbling up, and would not if he could; nor can he resist his own puns (of which verbal diversion he has for many years been the acknowledged past-master *par excellence*) from cropping up out of pure good spirits. For example, when he speaks of Sir Charles Wyndham or another being a fine stage dancer, he gravely alludes to the wonderful performance as "feats of legs;" he tells us that Percival Leigh, though a herbalist and vegetarian, loved too well a certain dish of *filet à la asafœtida*, so that he came a martyr to the steak; that a friend of his "planted himself (as was natural, *being in a garden*) on a seat;" and so forth. You may object to puns, mainly because you have been taught that John Dennis and Dr. Johnson despised them—or, at least, the worst of them; or, on the other hand, you may more than tolerate them, because Mr. Boswell defended them against his hero. But when they pop out at you in this irresponsible and perfectly good-natured way, you cannot but smile and recognise in them one of the characteristics of the author's ingenious playfulness. Sir Frank, too, is a born *raconteur*. He so enjoys the telling of a story that he will frequently fill, or nearly fill, a chapter with an anecdote or a comic interlude which does not primarily concern himself. And he so loves fun and sparkle, that we see no cause for surprise when we find him giving up the Bar, after a brief but lively experience, for humorous writing and the comic drama.

Burnand came in the nick of time for his own success, just when the burlesque and the "extravaganza" were of vast popularity, and he floated along on the crest of the tide. No wonder that he counsels the young author to specialise, to adhere to "one line of business," and, all things considered, to "stick to the drama." That is all very well; but to secure an *entrée* is more difficult now than ever, and there is no "line" so certain of success in these days as was the light burlesque of yore. Sir Francis tells us that it was his *Punch* work that stopped his attempts at the serious drama, and encouraged him in the adaptation of pieces from the French. Doubtless, among the 150 plays of his which have been produced, there are not a few of serious interest, some which may lay claim to be included among the achievements of English dramatists in the latter half of the nineteenth century; but the writer is known above all as the man of *Punch*, the creator of the new humour of "Happy Thoughts" and "Out of Town," and the dramatist-humorist of the motley and the bells.

It is rather curious to read that Sir Frank acknowledges only two actions for libel against *Punch;* that is to say, the action begun and compromised by Mr. Isidore de Lara, and the other by Mr. Gent Davis. (Sir Frank says he forgets what he was called by Milliken, the writer of the article. It was "Gore-Jenkins.") But there surely was also the Socialists' action, by Mr. Hyndman and his friends, while from first to last there have been "some two-score actions commenced, or threatened, by business firms or aggrieved persons; or, more often still, by newspapers, on the ground of libel and kindred wrong-doing" (see the "History of *Punch*"!)

So, as we look through these pages, and follow the author to Eton, to Cambridge, to the criminal courts, to the theatre, to the clubs and coteries, to *Fun*, to the *Punch* table, and to Society, comic adventures by the score befall us on the journey, and many are the notable figures who rise before us. Thackeray in his anger and good humour, and Mr. Swinburne as a boy; all the *Punch* men, save the latest, and Frank Marshall, du Chaillu, Mr. George Meredith, Dion Boucicault, and actors and actresses by the score. A complaint may be made that the author stops his reminiscences at a period hardly recent, when such men as Phil May (whose excellent sketches of F. C. B. and Sir Henry Irving are here reproduced), Bernard Partridge, and Owen Seaman had not yet crossed his editorial path. It means, we imagine, that Sir Francis suspects that another volume, or two, or three, will be demanded, and he has held his hand, as an author of shrewdness and thrift should do. As was suggested at the beginning, this, clearly, is not meant for a definitive autobiography; chatty records, such as these, are rather *mémoires pour servir*, and they will very well bear the additions needed to round them off.

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New Books.

STUART AND JACOBITE.*

These two substantial and recent additions to Jacobite literature differ widely in the extent of their scope, and yet have much in common. The whole of Mr. Drummond Norie's second volume is devoted to the story of Prince Charles from the 4th of September, 1745, when he rode into Perth, until the 19th of December, when he re-enterd Carlisle in his retreat from Derby. This goodly volume of 225 small-folio pages, therefore, only covers the short period of fifteen weeks; but within these weeks many stirring scenes and unexpected events were crowded. The Prince and his Highlanders forded the Forth above Stirling, marched to Edinburgh, captured the city, defeated Sir John Cope at Prestonpans, marched triumphantly towards the south-west, gained possession of Carlisle and its castle, proceeded as far as Derby thereby alarming London, and, on the way back to Scotland, worsted the English at Clifton. The Marchesa Vitelleschi, on the other hand, as may be inferred from her title-page, deals with the affairs of the exiled Stuarts in considerable detail from the time of James the Seventh's ignoble flight from England in 1688, until the death of Charles Edward's widow in 1824. The title-page, however, is somewhat misleading, for the authoress does not confine herself to the court in exile and the romance of the Countess D'Albanie. Almost the half of the first volume is occupied by a recital of the deeds of Prince Charles in Scotland in 1745 and 1746, and the first two chapters of the second volume are taken up with his doings on the Continent while his father was still alive.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

A New Portrait of Miss Beatrice Harraden, Author of "Katharine Frensham."

Neither of the books is brilliantly written; but in both the narrative is simple and unpretentious, though occasionally the Marchesa glowingly describes the sky and the flowers; and Mr. Norie on fitting opportunities waxes eloquent on the bravery and endurance of the Highlanders, as well as on the scenes of their actions. In one passage he says:—"the Bass Rock swam upon a sea of azure." The lady's work is embellished by two photogravure plates and twenty-four full-page illustrations; yet in this respect it lags far behind Mr. Norie's volume, which contains six coloured and eight uncoloured full-page plates, five maps, a plan of the battle of Prestonpans, a plan of the skirmish at Clifton, ten facsimiles of signatures, and other fifty-eight illustrations in the text. If his two remaining volumes are as lavishly and as beautifully illustrated, his completed work will form an almost perfect pictorial record of Prince Charlie, his friends, his enemies, and the places associated with him and them. Of many of the places as they appeared in 1745 it is impossible now to get drawings. Mr. Norie gives three from Slezer's "Theatrum Scotiæ"; but these are not quite contemporary, as most of Slezer's "prospects" were prepared fully twenty years before his death, and he died in 1717.

The Marchesa neither screens nor palliates the faults of Prince Charles, even when these were fewer in number, milder in degree, and less patent than they ultimately became. In telling the story of the campaign which preceded Culloden, she refers frequently and plainly to that unreasoning obstinacy which he too often displayed, and which, with his unjust suspicion of Lord George Murray's integrity, did much to wreck his cause. Mr. Norie may have more occasion in his next volume than in this to refer to the Prince's stubbornness. For the dogged but unavailing obstinacy which he manifested at the Council of War held in Derby on the 5th of December there is some excuse. It was the critical moment in his life. The throne of his ancestors might have been won by pressing on to London, but not by going back to Scotland. In his account of that Council, Mr. Norie speaks of the Prince's "ill-concealed impatience," of his having "hotly disputed the arguments of those who had counselled a retreat," of "his infinite chagrin and disappointment," of his yielding "a sullen and reluctant consent to the wishes of his officers," and to the "few bitterly worded sentences" in which "he gave his sanction to the proposed retreat." The Marchesa speaks with less restraint:—"This terrible moment of suspense was finally broken by the Prince, who sprang from his chair in a fury. In a violent passion, he gave way to most abusive language, which increased in vehemence as he worked himself up to pour out every insulting epithet on those round him. He repeated over and over again that he had been betrayed, and swore that he intended to march to London, and no one had a right to hinder him from so doing."

Mr. Norie is much more anxious to state the facts clearly and fairly than to press or obtrude his own opinions; but occasionally, as in the following sentence, his convictions are unreservedly revealed:—"Had Charles once secured the crown, had he been able to drive out of the country the usurping Teutonic adventurers and their British parasites, who defiled the palaces of his royal ancestors and enriched themselves at the expense of a long-suffering public; had he once gathered around him the ancient nobility of the three

* "A Court in Exile; Charles Edward Stuart and the Romance of the Countess D' Albanie." By the Marchesa Vitelleschi (née the Hon. Amy Cochrane-Baillie). 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)

"The Life and Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart." By W. Drummond Norie. In four volumes. Vol. II. 25s. net each vol. (The Caxton Publishing Co.)

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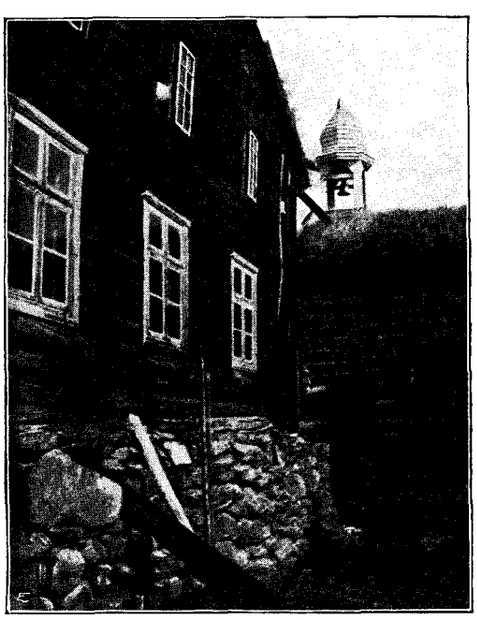
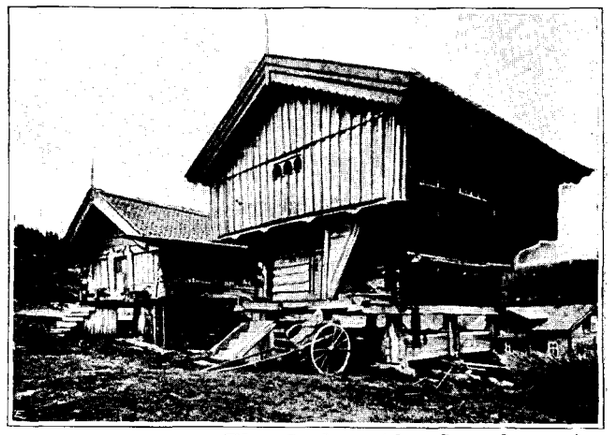
kingdoms and the more enlightened statesmen of the age; had he been able to do all this without French aid or foreign intervention, he would, in course of time, have been hailed as a deliverer by the whole British nation."

During her residence in Italy the Marchesa has been able to glean a number of minor facts and incidents regarding the exiled Stuarts in that country; and her residence there has also enabled her to describe vividly the places which are associated with them. She has also been much interested in, and therefore tells well, the story of the Princess Louise Stolberg, who, at the age of twenty, was foolish enough to marry the drunken and debauched Charles Edward (then her senior by more than thirty years), and thereby became the Countess D'Albanie. Although she modestly describes her work as an "anecdotal sketch of various episodes" relating to the last members of the House of Stuart, it is in some respects of considerable value, and is delightfully readable. The testing of a few of her quotations shows that she can cite correctly, an accomplishment to which more pretentious writers cannot always attain. Occasionally, however, she seems to have derived her information at second-hand, as when she says:—"In 1773 Boswell and Dr. Johnson mention in their *Tour in the Hebrides* that they found Flora [Macdonald] and her husband," etc. From this it might be inferred that Boswell and Johnson conjointly wrote a "Tour in the Hebrides," in 1773. That was the date of their tour, but Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands" did not appear until 1775, and Boswell's "Journal of a Tour" not until 1785. Nor does the description of Flora—"a pleasing person and of elegant behaviour"—quite correspond to either of theirs. Johnson's words are:—"She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." Boswell wrote:—"She is a little woman, of a gentle appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred." Again, the brief summary of the Act of Security passed by the Scottish Parliament, soon after the accession of Queen Anne, is not quite accurate. That Act did not decide "that on the death of Anne the *next* Protestant heir to the House of Stuart should succeed to the throne of Scotland," in certain circumstances. Occasionally, too, there are slight traces of looseness in writing, or carelessness in correcting the proofs. But these are comparatively trivial matters, and detract little from the value of the book. Some readers may be startled on learning that James the Seventh was spoken of at his death as "the best Christian," and as "a holy Prince"; and that his widowed Queen, who ought to have known him most intimately on earth, said that he was "now a great saint in heaven." Ideas of saintship differ widely, and even Catharine de Medici had been described in her own time as a saint.

Mr. Norie tells how the Prince, immediately after the battle of Prestonpans, desired the ministers of Edinburgh to continue their services as usual, but this courtesy, he says, was "quite thrown away upon the dour Presbyterian divines,"



The House in Norway in which "Katharine Frensham" was commenced.



The Stabur (the Storehouse).

"The Stabur stood somewhat apart from the other buildings, and was raised above the ground by tree-trunks, which looked like elephants' legs. The Stabur had a conceited, self-contained look, after the manner of all true Staburs. It seemed to be saying all the time, 'Behold me, I am the Stabur!'"—"Katharine Frensham."

many of whom "had left the city, and the few who remained preferred to be regarded as martyrs to their Whig principles rather than fulfil their religious duties to their congregations." He rehearses the story of the Rev. Neil MacVicar's equivocal prayer for the King. Some of those who withdrew did so that they might not seem to show any countenance to "the Pretender," or make any terms with him. One of these, Adam Gib, met his congregation for five successive Sabbaths in the open fields at Dreghorn. Twice on each of these Sabbaths he prayed for King George and his government, and for the suppression of the "unnatural and anti-Christian rebellion, headed by a Popish Pretender." This he did although parties of the rebels were present and scowling at him. There may have been an element of "dourness" in this Presbyterian divine; but it was undoubtedly mixed with pluck and principle.

Sir Robert Cadell's monograph on "Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1745" has not been neglected by Mr. Norie, who, despite his personal bias, is not only ready to hear the other side, but, like an honest man and a genuine historian, is magnanimous enough to acknowledge when he has made a mistake. He now frankly owns that he "dealt rather harshly with Sir John Cope," in his earlier work, "Loyal Lochaber," and that his opinion of that unfortunate general has been modified by Cadell.

D. HAY FLEMING.

MANKIND IN THE MAKING.*

"It is the duty of all who make philosophy the entertainment of their lives to turn their thoughts to practical schemes for the good of society, and not to pass away their lives in fruitless searches which tend rather to the ostentation of knowledge than the service of life." This wholesome advice of Richard Steele's is being acted on by Mr. Wells, who, having established a literary reputation by his works of imaginative fiction, has now taken seriously upon himself the rôle of a social reformer. In his first essay in this direction, "Anticipations," he has given a prophetic forecast of the action of evolutionary processes on the condition of the human world in general. Here he offers something of a more practical nature, a detailed scheme for the regeneration of society. That modern social conditions need reformation cannot be gainsaid. There are grievous and fundamental errors in the present order of things which are wofully apparent to any who think on these matters at all, and the contemplation of these, and especially of their influence on the coming generation, has stirred up Mr. Wells to devise some means whereby these wrongs may be righted, and the corruptions of our economic and social conditions removed. He has thrown himself into this work with all the vigour and enthusiasm, and perhaps with something of the rashness of a youthful reformer; and having a facile pen, a vivid imagination, and a masterly command of his facts and of the English language, he has produced a remarkable book, which is bound to exercise its influence on public opinion.

The scheme of reform is the establishment of a new re-

* "Mankind in the Making." By H. G. Wells. 8s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)

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public of all the English-speaking races, in which, by perfect sanitation, a more enlightened system of education, and altered social conditions, the coming individuals of the race will develop into model citizens in a community living in a state of universal brotherhood. It is, in short, a new edition of Saint-Simon's "Nouveau Christianisme," rewritten in the light of the twentieth century, and divested of some of the more emotional and sentimental characteristics of the scheme of the great pioneer of Collective State Socialism.

It is no part of his programme to take account of the initial difficulties in the establishment of his new republic. The change contemplated is so revolutionary that it will have to overcome the tremendous and organised opposition of those interested in the present order, on the one hand, as well as the no less formidable apathy and inertia of the classes for whose benefit the reforms are mainly proposed. Experience has also shown that, when this inertia is overcome by a sense of wrong, the proletariat are more disposed to follow the lines of Bakunin's "L'Empire Knouto-Germanique et la Révolution Sociale" than the milder measures of the "New Republic."

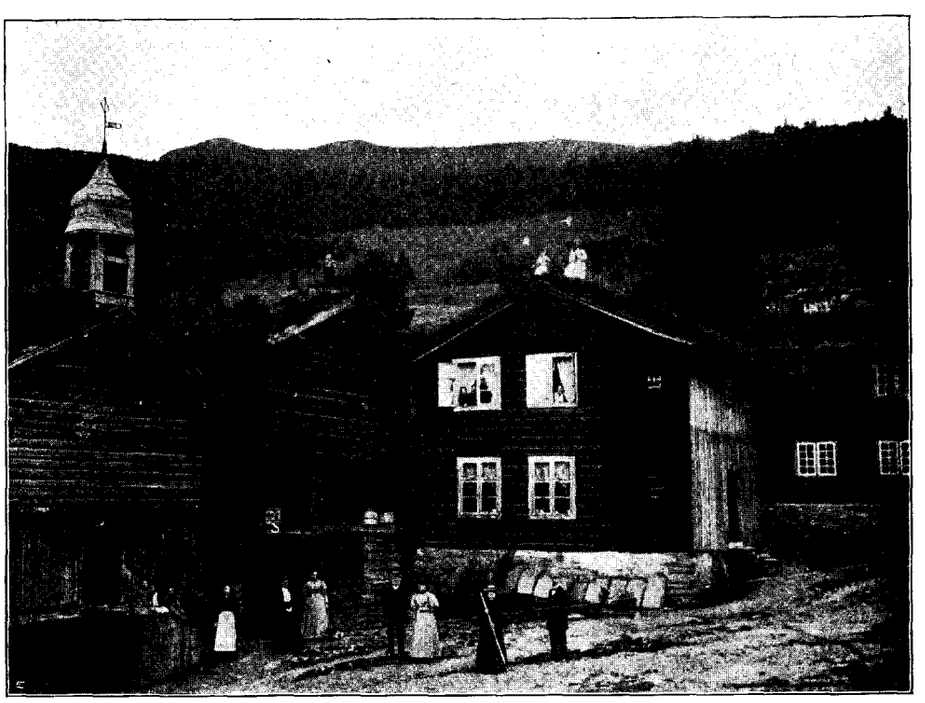
So many important questions are dealt with in this book that in the space at our disposal we can only note a few of the outstanding features of Mr. Wells's scheme. His introductory picture of the great shoot discharging, into an assemblage of legislators and teachers, one new baby every eight seconds, for whom they have to make laws and for whose environing conditions they are responsible, is worthy of the author of "The War of the Worlds." His suggested reconstruction of society begins at this point. How are the units of this great stream of infant life to be conserved, fostered, and defended from degrading and enfeebling influences, so that no physical hindrance to development may mar their subsequent progress?

An earlier question, as to the possibility of a system of artificial selection whereby the race might be improved, as the races of cattle are improved by stock-breeders, he leaves aside after some consideration, on the ground that the laws of heredity are too imperfectly known. In this he is undoubtedly correct. All that portion of Anthropology which is concerned with such questions is still in the vague and speculative stage. There are some respects, however, in which legislative restrictions might be introduced with advantage. If Sir Robert Anderson's plan of the segregation of habitual criminals could be carried out it would prevent the recurrence of cases like the notorious Jukes family, and were it possible to prevent in any way the marriage of those suffering from hereditary disease (for despite Mr. Wells's doubts on the subject there are such) our collective humanity would be undoubtedly the gainer. Some years ago the late Sir George Campbell proposed, at the British Association, that a Government Bureau for the selection of wives should be instituted, but the scheme only met with well-merited derision.

It is refreshing to note Mr. Wells's rejection of the mischievous pseudo-science of Criminal Anthropology, and of the quackery of the "degenerationists." These schools of Lombroso and Nordau have in their short day done much harm to genuine scientific research, and the sooner they are publicly discredited the better.

In the section on infant nurture the author takes account, as he is bound to do, of the economic causes of the present excessive infant mortality and of the malnutrition and unhealthy development of so many of those infants who have sufficient vitality to survive in spite of their insanitary surroundings. These problems are bound up with many larger collateral questions, such as insufficient wages, casual employments, ignorance, improvidence, the difficulty of enforcing parental responsibility on the careless, and the great and ever-pressing subject of the providing sufficient and sanitary dwellings for the workers. All these are touched on digressively so far as they bear on infantile life. The practical remedies suggested are not always very satisfactory. His method of disposing of the difficulties of the minimum wage and of treating those who live by casual employment is, however, especially questionable. He would shut up all such forms of unskilled labour as are sporadic, and so drive those who now engage in such out to the highways as tramps. This would certainly have the effect of increasing the criminal population. The suggested relegation of these morally and physically weak members of society to the casual ward of the workhouse is, to use his own phrase, a piece of jerry-building economics. Taking this section of the book all in all, however, it is a useful and forcible statement of these hitherto unsolved social problems.

Mr. Wells has much to say of the various stages of the education of his infants when they get to the period of home and school training. That the language of the infant be kept uncorrupted, all "baby talk" is to be banished from the nursery, and in subsequent stages a pure English with an extensive vocabulary is to be an essential feature of the education, replacing the present classical teaching of Latin and Greek. With this is to be coupled a scientific training in the science of numbers, modern mathematics and the physical sciences. Mr. Wells differs from Huxley in his ideal curriculum, as he would banish Physiology from the schools. The section on schooling has interspersed amidst its constructive parts vigorous digressions against present day methods of education, systems, schoolmasters, and schoolbooks. No doubt many schools are inefficient and some positively bad; it is to be feared that many teachers are incompetent and unfit for their work, and equally true that some schoolbooks deserve the diatribes of Mr. Wells, but in the vehemence of his desire for root and branch reform, he is carried away into a wholesale and undiscriminating denunciation. From the results one sees at the Universities it is evident that some schools and some masters can turn



The Solli Gaard.

"The Gaard had a splendid situation, lying on the mountain-side, about two thousand feet above sea-level, and commanding a far-stretching view of the great valley, which was spread out generously below, dotted with hundreds of farms, and with two shining rivers flowing on separately, meeting each other, and then passing on together. . . . Dense masses of firs and birches: down in the valley and advancing boldly up the mountain-sides, and lining the deep gorges of the side valleys as well, and pressing on to a quite unreasonable height, from a conventional point of view, firs and birches contending all the time as to which should climb the higher."—"Katharine Frensham."

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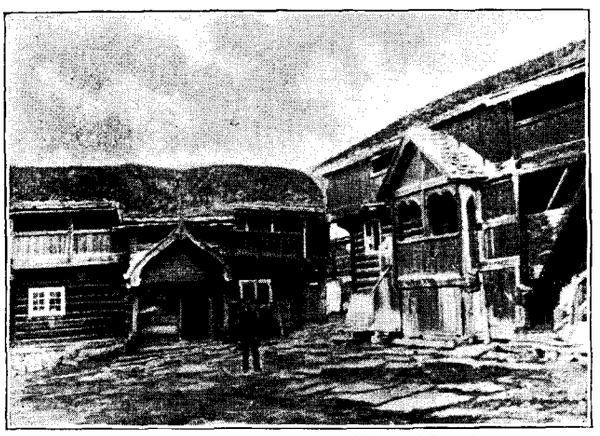


The Skyds-station (Posting Station).

Where the body of the dead Englishman was lying.

"At last the horses drew up at the entrance of an old Gaard, which was also the Skyds-station of that district. Solli had called out immediately, and a young woman in the Gudbrandsdal dress stepped into the courtyard.

"'Yes, yes, stakkar, he lies upstairs,' she said, glancing sympathetically at the three travellers. 'Come, I will lead the way.'

"They passed up the massive stairs outside the old house, and reached the covered verandah."—"Katharine Frensham."

out well-trained and well-educated boys, not crammed, but taught to think and learn. There are also some schoolbooks which come as near the ideal as those which he advertises. It is not always fair to lay the blame of intellectual and moral failure at the door of the schoolmaster. As long as capacities and dispositions vary, as injurious traditions, bad examples and laxity of discipline prevail in the family life, the best of schoolmasters will have an uphill task in striving to counteract these hostile influences. There is much in the constructive part of Mr. Wells's educational scheme that is eminently suggestive. As a small matter of detail, it may be remarked that Mr. Wells calls certain parts of commercial arithmetic by the name "head-sickening and complex rubbish," and recommends their excision from the course, but this would surely be a severe handicap for a boy intended for a business career.

Doubtless the training in the English language is that which especially appeals to the sympathies of the literary man. Every one who has to do with students will agree as to its importance. The difficulty that some of our best science students, engaged in research work, find in expressing their results in decent English is sometimes distressing to their teachers.

The difficult topic discussed under the head of culture of the imagination is treated with tactful skill and praiseworthy restraint, but in the end he leaves the matter very much as he finds it. The one power which alone is able to save the thoughts of the young from the seductive influences of evil is the Christian belief in responsibility to God, and the full appreciation of the ideal of life set forth in the teaching and example of Christ. To this, however, Mr. Wells does not here refer.

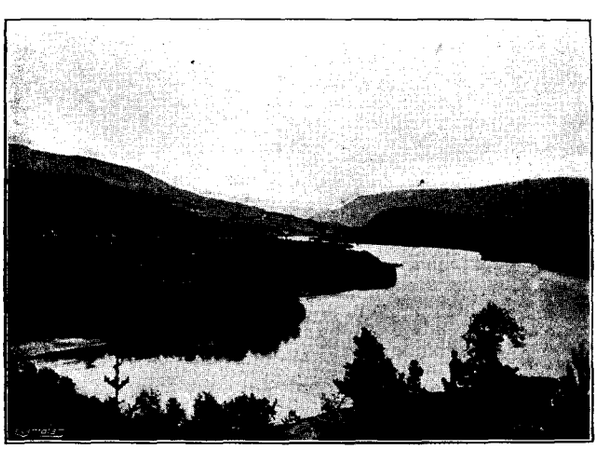
The section on Universities is not written with as full a knowledge of facts as the earlier chapters. Many and radical reforms are certainly needed, and these will come sooner or later. His account of university lecturers and their relation to students, and of their lectures as excerpts from text-books, while it may be true in certain educational institutions, is certainly not applicable to most of our present day Universities.

When a youth takes his place as a member of the State, with possibilities of rising to the highest place, one of his duties will be to take part in the selection of the members of that aristocracy of brains, that is to bear rule. In the ideal republic this is done by the election (in some way not specified) of juries, who without fear or favour proceed in each constituency to elect the representative. By this expedient he hopes to escape both from the Scylla of a corrupt democracy like that of the United States, and from the Charybdis of an oppressive caste system of government like that of our monarchy. Those who have experience of the way in which even the most carefully safeguarded electoral board can be manipulated by a caucus or by an astute party wire-puller will not be sanguine as to the success of this plan even among the high-minded and intelligent products of the culture of the new republic.

Mr. Wells has a strong faith in the possibility, efficiency and stability of his new organisation, and sets it forth in an attractive form. One feels, however, constrained to doubt the truth of the fundamental postulate on which the whole future rests. Considering the complexity of human nature and the variability of human capacity, is it possible so to manipulate the forces controlling evolution as to produce and mould the individuals concerned so that they will collectively work together with a single eye to the maintenance of the new Utopia? Is the scheme really more practicable than any other scheme of socialism, such, for example, as that set forth by Schäffle in his "Gesellschaftliche System der Menschlichen Wirtschaft," or his "Quintessenz des Socialismus"?

Be its faults what they may, the book deserves a wide publicity. It is interesting now, it will be equally interesting if read a century hence in the view of the history of the intervening period. As a literary work it is excellent, as one would expect from the practised hand of the author, and his vocabulary is copious. He expresses his dislike of neologisms, but is not quite free from their use, as in the case of the twice-used word "mattoid," which may be commended to the attention of lexicographers, as it has not as yet found a place in any of the modern standard dictionaries known.

ALEX. MACALISTER.



The Valley of the Two Rivers.

Where Katharine and Clifford passed on their way to Peer Gynt's Cottage.

"They left the bridge, passed along the main road, through fragrant fir-woods, and came to a most picturesque spot where two rivers, one of them the glacier-river, met and rushed on together as one. They crossed this long bridge, and found themselves on the other side of the main valley. Here they looked back, and could discern the big Solli Gaard, perched proudly on the opposite mountain ridge. Then their way lay along the easy road by the winding river. It retreated from them, returned, retreated. The sun jewelled the clear part of it with diamonds, and the strange milky glacier part of it with opals. Finally it left them, and they could scarcely reconcile themselves to its departure, but strolled back once more to enjoy its gracious company."—"Katharine Frensham."

THE YELLOW VAN.*

"No. 5, John Street" was a very interesting book, but I must admit that I read Mr. Whiteing's advance upon it, "The Yellow Van," with a pleasure that was not only new, but partook somewhat of the character of relief. I was afraid that Mr. Whiteing might do as so many well-meaning people have done, lose himself in the East End. The enigma of the town populations is a very awful one. I should not dream, of course, of complaining of people devoting themselves as nobly as they do to the problem of London. But I do complain of their talking about it as if it were the problem of humanity. Perhaps the queerest thing in modern life is the fact that when we want to talk about the ordinary man, we call him "the Man in the Street." The street is the one place where from the beginning of the world the ordinary man has least often been. The ordinary man is not the man in the street, but the man in the field. It is good, rather it is magnificent, to probe and study among the evil unlucky of the great towns. But it is not good to get used to that life, for the very evil and ill-luck of those evil and unlucky is that they do get used to it. The man who is to remember and arouse their humanity must remember that there is such a thing as humanity, varied but simple, delving the soil in France, looking at the stars in India. The East End

* "The Yellow Van." By Richard Whiteing. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

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is not everything; it is not the East; neither is it the end.

In "The Yellow Van," Mr. Whiteing has travelled outside London and discovered England, the ancient England with all its good and evil, its dulness and its jollity, its tyranny and camaraderie, its strange old diseases and its eternal health. And his work gains in consequence a certain genuine freshness and largeness which is not to be found in the more cramped cleverness of "No. 5, John Street," with its irregular talent, its patches of brilliant truth, and its patches of black and useless information. The cause of the difference does not lie, of course, in the people who are studied (the poor are the poor everywhere, to those who like theories a riddle, to those who like human beings, simply human beings), but it lies in the atmosphere imparted by the intelligent, intolerable people who have studied the matter. Over the landscape of the East End lies the influence and atmosphere of cranks and philanthropists and statisticians and officious and insolent men, men without laughter or humility. Over the countrysides of England through which the Yellow Van travelled lies the influence and atmosphere of the old political heroes of England, rustic and rugged idealists, from William Cobbett to Joseph Arch.

The main outline of "The Yellow Van" is by this time sufficiently well known; it is concerned with the peregrinations of the little group of men who preach throughout the shires of England the idea of the land for the people. The author describes excellently the good-natured Toryism of the oligarchs, the far deeper and darker Toryism of the rustics, the contentment of the oppressors, and the more awful contentment of the oppressed. The whole political matter of the book seems to me tactful and vital. As a novel, however, it suffers from the same difficulty from which "No. 5, John Street" suffered, the difficulty indeed from which all novels of that type are bound to suffer. It is not, I think, to be expressed, as it often is expressed, by saying that political affairs are too serious for fiction. It is rather that fiction is too serious for political affairs. Fiction, like religion, studies the soul and the eternal things, politics study the material necessities. These ought never to be ignored; but as long as men are men, they will be momentarily forgotten in the presence of anything semi-spiritual, whether it be a new religion or a good story about a duke and a schoolmistress.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.*

Professor Courthope's new volumes respectively on the poets and the poetical drama from Spenser and Marlowe to Dryden, forming the two central pillars and embracing the two central names, Shakespeare and Milton, of the palace of English poetry, substantially increase the debt of gratitude which all English scholars and literary students must acknowledge in regard to a work so nobly conceived and so greatly planned as "A History of English Poetry." At a time when such a large proportion of the available literary talent that is not drawn into the vortex of fiction is occupying itself more and more with mere fragments of literary criticism, in which the limitation of theme and the dispersion of literary interest enables them to write with an assumed omniscience and a spurious appearance of finality, the more honour is due to a scholar such as Professor Courthope, who devotes the accumulated stores of a profound scholarship to the formulation of a sound body of literary doctrine and the construction, upon a solid basis of synthesis, of a consistent viewpoint over the whole moving panorama of the imaginative thought of our country. For a permeation of Life with that ideal light which alone makes human life in any progressive sense tolerable—a light which the optimist firmly believes to be an irradiation from the Eternal Spirit—we are conscious, if we reflect, that we are indebted primarily to our poets. The adequate recognition of this all-important fact, however, is extremely restricted. The men who are capable of bracing their fellows to a conception of the ideal are frequently unaware themselves of the extent to which they are dependent upon poetic capital. Ignorance of it leads to that extreme callousness in regard to poetry which is peculiar to periods of frivolity and demoralisation. To quicken men's

* "A History of English Poetry." By W. J. Courthope, C.B., late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Vols. III. and IV. 10s. 6d. net each. (Macmillan.)

The Glacier River.

"Then those wonderful rivers: one of them coming straight from a glacier and therefore unmistakable, even though the changing clouds might give to it varying shades of colour. Grey and glacier, blue and glacier, rose and glacier, black and glacier, white and glacier, golden and glacier. And the other river, not less beautiful because less complex. And the two together winding through the valley: now hidden from sight, now coming into view again, now glistening in the far distance, and now disappearing finally—no—one more glimpse if one strains the eye—one more greeting, and then, farewell—they have gone their way!"—"Katharine Frensham."

perception in the matter through the medium of emotion is the special function of men of interpretative genius such as Emerson and Ruskin. To interpret after this fashion is to stand among the illuminati, at one remove only from the higher slope of Parnassus itself, and is obviously reserved for one or two at most in a generation. To Professor Courthope falls a task which obtains far less recognition, though the qualifications for it are perhaps hardly less rare—the harvesting namely of systematic thought upon the stream of tendency in English Poetry. The value of such work in directing a current of thought and meditation upon the underlying influences in poetry, and the difficulty of getting men whose minds are sufficiently pliant yet erudite, to address themselves to a subject of such vast extension, yet to which the public mind as a whole is so callous (as shown by the fact that no serious attempt has been made to furnish a synthetic view of English Poetry on a scholarly scale since Thomas Warton's "History" of 1781), these are two only of the many considerations which must incline every serious critic to regard the present work with a deep and profound respect. Firmly believing, as we do, not only from an æsthetic but also from a strictly practical point of view, that the possession of a reserve of the highest imaginative power, in a race so slow to respond to any imaginative appeal as the English, is the most valuable asset that we have, the importance of establishing rapport with a scholar of such earnestness as Professor Courthope in his attempt to cover this immense tract of English Poetry in its process of development, cannot, we think, easily be overestimated.

The Gudbrandsdal Valley.

"At one moment dark-blue clouds hung over the great valley, mingling with the mists in fantastic fashion. Then the blue clouds would give place to others, rosy-toned or sombre grey, and these two would mingle with the mists. . . . Then there would come a moment when mists and clouds were entirely separated; and between this gap would be seen, as in a dream, a vision of the valley beyond, mysterious and haunting. Verily a land of sombre wonder and mystic charm, this great Gudbrandsdal of Norway, with its legends of mortal and spirit, fit scene for weird happenings and strange beliefs, being a part of that whole wonderful North, the voice of which calls aloud to some of us, and which, once heard, can never be lulled into silence."—"Katharine Frensham."

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Professor Courthope's estimate of Spenser in his second volume appeared to us to be one of the few critical utterances on the subject which could make any claim to first-rate authority and importance, and, as far as we can judge upon a single reading, the same measure of respect is due to his consideration of Spenser's successors with which his third volume opens. The difficult questions raised by Drayton's "Sonnets," and the identity of his "Idea," have been gone into with the most painstaking minuteness, and the view, though contrary to prevailing opinion, seems almost conclusively established that Drayton in the course of revision transferred the honours of his "Idea" from the Countess of Bedford to Anne Goodere. The latter presumably was the fair one to whom the memorable sonnet was addressed,

"Since ther's no help, come let us kiss and part,"

though by one of the most unhappy misprints we have ever encountered this exquisite verse is thus parodied:—

"Since there's no help, come let us *rise* and part!"

The inclusion of Hall, and Marston, one of the most scurrilous of lampooners, amongst the heirs of Spenser imposes a slight strain upon our critical acquiescence, but the whole scheme of the arrangement of this volume is original, and bears the evidence of mature thought. The author keeps in the main to the highroad of poetical thought, ignoring minor divergencies. The estimate of William Browne is finely suggestive, and an inspiration for Suckling's "Ballad upon (not "at") a Wedding" is rightly indicated, we think, in Browne's "Lydford Journey." What are loosely denominated "The Caroline Poets" are grouped with discrimination under various branches (theological, metaphysical, courtly) of "Poetical Wit," which the author derives with some, perhaps, needless elaboration, from a combination of over-refined logic, the legacy of medieval scholasticism, hyperbolical diction, and decaying allegory. The refinement of lassitude after a period of tumultuous creative energy (with all that this implies) seems to us to afford a great part of the necessary explanation. The removal of external pressure upon a nation commonly has the effect of lowering its imaginative circulation. Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan are very appreciatively treated with an agreeable absence of invidious attempts at comparison. The link afforded between Vaughan and Cowley by Traherne appears to have been overlooked, and a shock is in store for lovers of George Herbert in the implied censure upon the sublimities of the metaphorical sonnet on "Prayer," ending—

"Church bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood."

This section ends finely, however, with a most welcome protest against the ignorant depreciation of "Hudibras" which has become so common. "'Hudibras' is a work that has never been judged quite fairly upon its merits, because its chief critics have chosen in the first place to measure it by an absolute external standard without reference to the design of the poet," and this solemn weighing of Butler's burlesque in the balance with Milton and Cervantes is as futile as would be a serious comparison of "Little Mary" with Molière. Of the two chapters devoted to Milton, we can merely say that they seem to us very worthily to deal with a subject of so vast a scope. Rightly judging, we think, that the artistic side of Milton's work was in greater need of elucidation than the personal, religious, philosophical, political or ethical, Professor Courthope has concentrated his attention upon this aspect of the poet. After a somewhat arid biographical sketch, we have a very careful disquisition upon Milton's indebtedness to the Dutch poets of the Fall of Man, Grotius and Vondel and the Adam drama of the Italian, Andreini; but the chief space is given to the consideration of the subtleties of Milton's diction and rhythm, above all to the various problems of his metre, prefaced by a judicious manifesto on the subject of English scansion generally.

From "Scottish Portra ts" (T. C. and E. C. Jack). **Mary Queen of Scots.**

Drawn by Francois Clouet.

From "Donatello" (Duckworth and Co.) **San Giovannino.**

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The complication of the subject is not slight, but the author emerges triumphantly with this very impressive passage:—"What his predecessors had done instinctively and experimentally was by Milton elaborated into a regular system of verbal harmony. Retaining, as the dominant principle of his rhythm, the stately iambic march brought into the language from without, he quickened and varied it with the triple movement inherent in the old Saxon alliterative verse. He made use of alliteration itself as a means of preserving unity and continuity through his long and complex periods. Some of his words he drew, as Spenser had done, from old English sources; others he coined in a Greek or Latin mint, with a boldness exceeding that of his predecessors, Giles and Phineas Fletcher; he combined all these in a syntax founded on the social idiom used by the dramatists, which he, however, raised above the ordinary level of speech to the required height of the subject by peculiar constructions imitated from the languages of antiquity." This is a good example of the author's more animated style. He is usually more Addisonian, sometimes getting involved in very long periods, but always dignified. The concluding chapters on the Restoration wits, on Dryden and his opponents of the country party, especially Marvell, are perhaps the most convincing of all, the author's complete mastery giving his narrative a stronger sense of unity and continuity than is apparent in the earlier sections of this admirable (but not easily to be assimilated) volume.

The fourth volume of the "History" is devoted wholly to Shakespeare and the Romantic Drama of the seventeenth century. It is far more controversial and of less value as an original contribution, owing to the great literature already existing on the subject, than its predecessor. On the controversial issues raised, we despair of entering now; from a general survey, however, the suggestive thoroughness of the critical investigation which it embodies seems little if at all inferior. There are evidently a good many happy remarks in it, such as of Chapman's style that it is "more smoke than flame," and some oversights, such as the curious statement that nothing whatever is known of Cyril Tourneur.* Nor can we agree at all with the writer's contention that Thorpe's dedication of his purloined sonnet book to a grubby little book pirate of his own standing is an idea so humorous as to be absurd. Almost the chief commercial value of a book in those days was held to reside in the dedication. Having secured the sonnets for surreptitious issue, Thorpe would be most reluctant to abandon any profit that might possibly ensue from the publication. He could hardly dedicate the sonnets, of which his possession was so questionable, to a man of rank or repute, or, in fact, to anyone who would give him a douceur rather than the kick he deserved. In the circumstances, what more natural than that he should bestow the cheap compliment of a dedication which no respectable person would accept, upon one of his own pettifogging associates?

Among other minutiæ we confess to a feeling of surprise at learning that Waller was born in Hertfordshire; he is a worthy for whom Buckinghamshire should contest to the last drop of its blood. Wither was born at *Bent*worth, and his "Fidelia" with the famous "Shall I wasting in despair?" first appeared in 1615, two years before the date here given. The biographies are sometimes the result of original work, at others mere abridgements (the better plan, in a critical treatise, is the French method of relegating these in a condensed form to footnotes); and the scarcity of references leaves one quite uncertain as to the authority for certain statements, the *positive* one, for instance, that Suckling took poison in May or June, 1642 (a much disputed point). We should much like to know the authority for this, also for the original dates in the life of Carew. It seems improbable that he should have gone to college between nine and ten, and to the Temple at thirteen. The date of his death here given is wrong. The absence of an Index renders the omission to affix the pages to the various items in the "Analysis of Contents" a source of great vexation to the reader who wants to make a rapid reference.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* See "Dictionary of National Biography," lvii., p. 87.

From "Sir Joshua Reynolds", (Newnes Art Library).

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

HETTY WESLEY.*

This is very unlike the novels that have made Mr. Quiller-Couch famous; it breathes scarcely a hint of stirring adventure or glamorous romance, but concerns itself with very realities, and is everywhere alive with an interest that is profoundly human. In the main, it is a matter of history drawn

* "Hetty Wesley." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 6s. (Harpers.)

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more or less from letters and diaries of the Wesley family, and handling this fragmentary material with a quickening, imaginative insight, Mr. Quiller-Couch has refashioned from it the whole tragedy of Hetty Wesley's strangely shadowed life. There is no toning down of harsh facts; no unjust idealisation of the characters of men who are reverenced, though they were not ideal—it is all told with sympathy and with restraint, simply and convincingly, and at the last Hetty herself remains, with all her sins and her failures, the finest and most memorable, if not the greatest character in a book through which more than one indubitably great character moves. She is very vividly realised, a pure-souled, high-spirited woman, combining with much of her father's obstinacy and genius all her mother's brave and passionate truthfulness. She rebels against the narrow tyranny of her father, but rebels openly, for once she is resolved to marry the man he has forbidden her to marry, she goes fearlessly to tell him of her intention. His treatment of her goads her to escape from her locked room and, in defiance of him, to join the man she loves; and after this unnamed scoundrel has betrayed her, when self-deception is no longer possible, she returns home under the burden of her shame and accepts the consequences of it, proudly and uncomplaining. The bitterest of these consequences are ostracism from her family, and a compulsory marriage with a certain William Wright. This man Wright is a plumber; a coarse, rough, good-natured fellow who had seen her and been taken with her beauty long before, but had never hoped to marry her, till her error seemed in a way to degrade her to his level or beneath it, then he is willing to profit by the opportunity and make her his wife. Her father insists, and she yields; and her married life, with its courageous resignation, its broken hopes, its pathetic fidelity, and the squalor that slurs it when her husband sinks into habits of drunkenness, is pictured with a masterly and poignant realism.

Each member of the numerous Wesley family is cleverly individualised; one has illuminating glimpses of Charles and John (the founders of Methodism), and careful and uncompromising portraits of the Reverend Samuel Wesley, that grim old household autocrat, and of his large-minded, much-enduring wife. The religion of all the male Wesleys strikes one here as uncharitable, crassly materialistic, and not free from a priggish self-righteousness, yet an incident in the epilogue, in a flash, transfigures it, makes the splendour of its inner significance clear, and sanctifies even the Reverend Samuel's almost brutal sacrifice of his daughters that his sons might be trained for the ministry and the high mission he foresaw for them. Reading, one is subtly made to feel that an unseen higher power is shaping the destinies of all these human creatures, and that it was the tears of Hetty and her sisters that watered the roots of that marvellous religious revival whose branches were to spread as wide as the world and as high as heaven. It is a novel of exceptional interest, written with power, and with an effective artistic simplicity that is exceptional also.

MR. BINYON'S NEW POEMS.*

Mr. Binyon's new book of poems is very difficult to appraise. Its inequalities of technique and thought are unusually surprising. There is in it no general character, no dominant note, no common inspiration. It might be looked on as a collection of more or less successful experiments in form and metre; but so to describe it would be an injustice to some whole poems, and certain passages in others, of sincere emotional impulse. After reading and re-reading its contents, we have to classify them into genuine poetry, thoughtful verse, fine language, and mere trivialities. Let us pass the trivialities, lest we be tempted to include the title-poem amongst them. "The Death of Adam" has a magnificent subject, which might haunt the imagination of the greatest poet. It has haunted Mr. Binyon; but he has committed his shadowy visions to paper before his conceptions were clear enough or worthy enough to tell of the man whose "hands in Paradise have gathered flowers." The poem is laboured out of all proportion to the stuff of thought and imagination in it. Indeed, whatever force there was in the bare simplicity of his conception is lost in the terribly elaborated similes with their over-abundance of unessential detail. It is a grand theme, in which a great poet might triumphantly fail. But here we have at the end only an impression—to use Mr. Binyon's own words—of "solemnly assembled syllables."

Far above "The Death of Adam" are such thoughtful poems as "Europe, MDCCCI.," and the sonnet, "A Prayer to Time." Not so clearly successful as these, but on the threshold of something greater, are the hazy, half-expressed "Vision of Resurrection," the "Hymn of Love," and "The Snows of Spring," where we feel real poetry blindly groping to reach us. But there is no blind groping in "To the Summer Night," a poem which could redeem a much less satisfying volume. Here impulse is clear and words are adequate:

> "What thing is this no speech could ever frame,
> Nor hundred creeds ever imprison yet?
> We breathe for it, and die, yet never named its name.
>
> Star-trembling Night, Mother of songs unsung
> And leaves unborn beneath the barren rind,
> Who findest for forbidden hope a tongue,
> Who treasurest most the treasure undivined
> And flowers that banquet but the careless wind;
> To whom all joy is young;
> Prophetess of the fire that one day leaping
> Shall burn the world's corruption, of the sleeping
> Swords that shall strike down tyrants from their throne,
> Mother of faith, our frail thought onward sweeping,
> Breathe nearer, whisper close, spells of the dear unknown."

* "The Death of Adam, and Other Poems." By Laurence Binyon. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

A SHORT HISTORY OF ANCIENT PEOPLES.*

The writer of this work has undertaken a heavy task, for to be concise is always hard. "I have not had time to make it short," said a great letter-writer, apologising for the length of a communication, and those who have tried to compress a speech into five minutes or a report into half a page know the difficulty of being at once effective and brief. That difficulty consists partly in the danger of becoming obscure—*brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio* Horace long ago told us—and still more in the danger of becoming uninteresting, for any statement or story to be attractive needs at least a certain amount of pleasant diffuseness, lively illustration, and picturesque detail. When, therefore, a writer endeavours within the compass of a single volume to relate the history of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, the Hebrews, Phœnicia, Carthage, Greece, and Rome, the demands made upon him are obviously great. Knowledge, accuracy, and judgment are all requisite, and he must combine these qualities with a stern self-repression which is even more essential. Though it be "pain and grief" to him he must continually "keep silence" when he longs to be eloquent; he must ceaselessly practise "the greatest art, the art to blot," and remorselessly employ a Gladstonian economy, just where that fine financier never used it, in the expenditure of words. He may not hope to charm, and must be content to satisfy. Like those who purvey extracts of meat he must provide condensed information in a shape which is highly nutritive without being unpalatable, and this object Dr. Souttar has achieved. He gives an admirable summary of the enormous mass of material with which he deals—the index contains references to about 1,900 proper names—and he does so in such a manner that the reader follows him with interest and without weariness, even when, as must happen to a reviewer, the whole work has to be read continuously, while the style is almost everywhere conspicuously clear.

"To give the main facts of ancient history in one volume, and thus bring them within the reach of all," is the aim which the author sets before himself, nor can it be doubted that there is need for a work of that character, there being very many people who desire to know something of ancient history, but who roam chiefly at random among the vast mass of books which deal with separate and often minute portions of the subject. Such readers greatly need a book like this which, when they wander into some particular path of historical study which attracts them, will give them, as it were, their general bearings, and some conception of the main lie of the district they are exploring. Indeed, a remarkable confirmation of this view has recently been given. The University of London, in promulgating a scheme for "Study

* "A Short History of Ancient Peoples." By Robinson Souttar, M.A., D.C.L. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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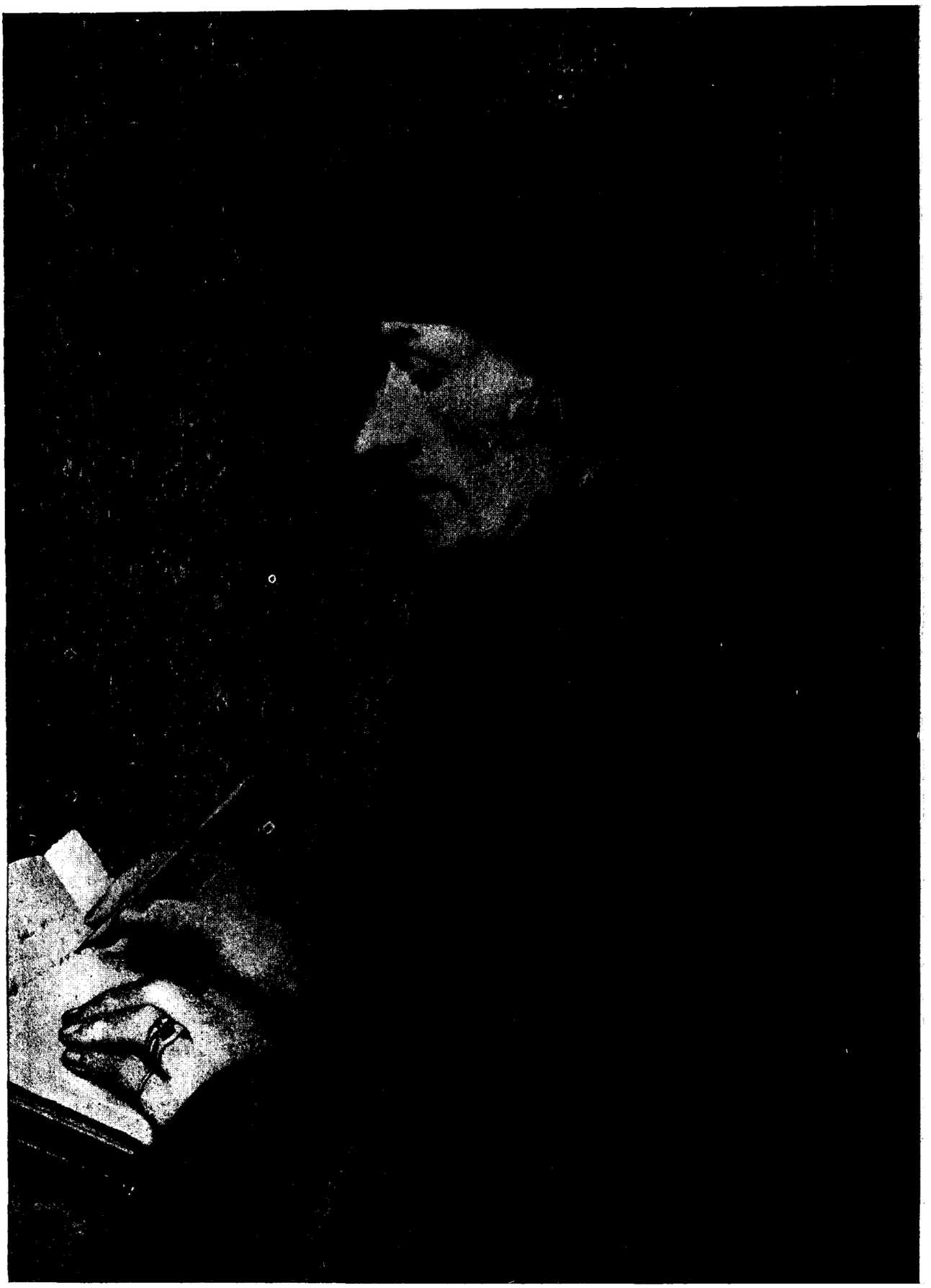

From "Hans Holbein the Younger" (Bell and Sons).

Erasmus, 1523.
(The Louvre.)

.n the Humanities," in connection with University Extension work, has made a series of lectures by Dr. Emil Reich on exactly the same subjects that are dealt with in this volume the main basis for the course of study which it is instituting, it being considered that such a *conspectus* of ancient history affords an indispensable setting or background for that further study of special literary, artistic, or historical subjects which it is desired to encourage.

But although the general purpose of Dr. Souttar's book has thus the support of very high authority, it has also another object to which attention is drawn in a brief but pregnant Introduction by Prof. Sayce. Within the last fifty years our knowledge of antiquity has been enormously extended. Discoveries in Crete, Egypt, and Babylonia have put back the dates of historical record not merely by centuries, but by millenniums. To take a single and striking instance, the

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fourteenth chapter of Genesis is no longer, what it was a generation ago, an isolated and almost unintelligible fragment from an unknown past. We now know that Melchizedek was no mythical figure, but a priest-king of "Urusalim," and that the description of him as "without father and without mother" is, in fact, a claim to royal dignity, an exactly similar claim being put forward on the Tel-el-Marna tablets (fourteenth century B.C.) by one of his successors, and it being customary among the Egyptians also to "note . . . . on a man's monument as matter for proper pride the fact that his ancestors were not known to history." So, too, "Amraphel king of Shinar" is that Hammurabi of Babylon whose legislative code stands beneath his own figure engraved upon the rock for ever, and anticipates the Mosaic code by 800 years (Delitzsch gives the date as 2250 B.C.), while it implies a long antecedent civilisation, co-eval probably with that of Egypt, to which dates such as 5000 B.C. are assigned with reasonable certitude. "It is a new world which modern discovery and research have disclosed to our eyes," writes Prof. Sayce, adding somewhat boldly that "in the general elements of culture, in the arts of life, and the organisation of society we have made little advance upon the educated classes of Egypt or Babylonia," and it is to this "new world," this hitherto unknown field of historical study, that Dr. Souttar would wisely guide us.

It is undoubtedly a misfortune that he has not been able to devote more space to this most interesting portion of his work, for Greece and Rome, about which little new can be said, though his summary of Roman history is excellent, occupy together slightly more than half the book, and of the other half much is taken up with facts already well known. This, however, is unavoidable; but a defect that needs remedying is that there is a complete want of exact references and proper bibliographical information. The student who takes up a book like this should, especially where the information is novel, and the authorities for it are not easily discoverable, be able to learn accurately where he should refer in case he wishes to pursue his enquiries further. Who, for instance, would not wish to learn where he can find a copy of Hammurabi's code, or of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," and read about Asurbanipal's library of brick-prisms, or the discovery of the Cretan Labyrinth? Or who would not like to learn the exact evidence which, in spite of long tradition, removes Mount Sinai from the Sinaitic peninsula to the mountains of Seir at the south of the Dead Sea, or even how it comes to pass that a photograph of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Exodus, "that mighty monarch who lived one hundred and reigned sixty-seven years," can be purchased for a shilling in the Strand? The object of a book like this is first to point out the great facts of history, and secondly to be a guide to those who wish to extend their investigations. Dr. Souttar, in spite of great difficulties, has performed the first part of his task, as Prof. Sayce remarks, "with judgment and lucidity," in accordance with "the latest and best authorities," but, probably to secure simplicity, he has neglected the second. Yet the magnificent margins of each page and the empty spaces at the end of many chapters afford ample opportunity, without disfiguring the text, of adding information which would double the value of the volume. As it stands, however, it may safely be recommended to all those who desire to understand the general scope of ancient history as amplified and extended by the remarkable results of modern discovery.

T. E. PAGE.

From "Romney" (Methuen and Co.).

Alope.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.*

For the most intimate and living pictures of the life of any period, one must needs turn to the memoirs of those who have lived in it. History,

> "The patient follower in the track of Time,"

goes to them for the richest of those multifarious strands that, with a cunninger hand, a higher, conscious art, she weaves into her more imposing, vaster and completer tapestry; but the facts so gathered lose almost as much in the transfer as a poem, whose intrinsic beauty is a matter of phrasing, loses in translation. They lose the vital personal touch that lent colour and a pulsing actuality to them; they cease to be the glowingly matter-of-fact statements of an eye-witness, and become merely the colder repetitions of a

* "Memoirs of Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering." Edited by her son, Spencer Pickering, F.R.S. 16s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

From "Michael Angelo" (Bell and Sons).

The "Doni" Holy Family

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man who has not seen what he talks of, and can only tell you what somebody else has told him. We could replace almost any history that was ever written; but there is no substitute for such a book as Pepy's Diary or Fuller's "Worthies."

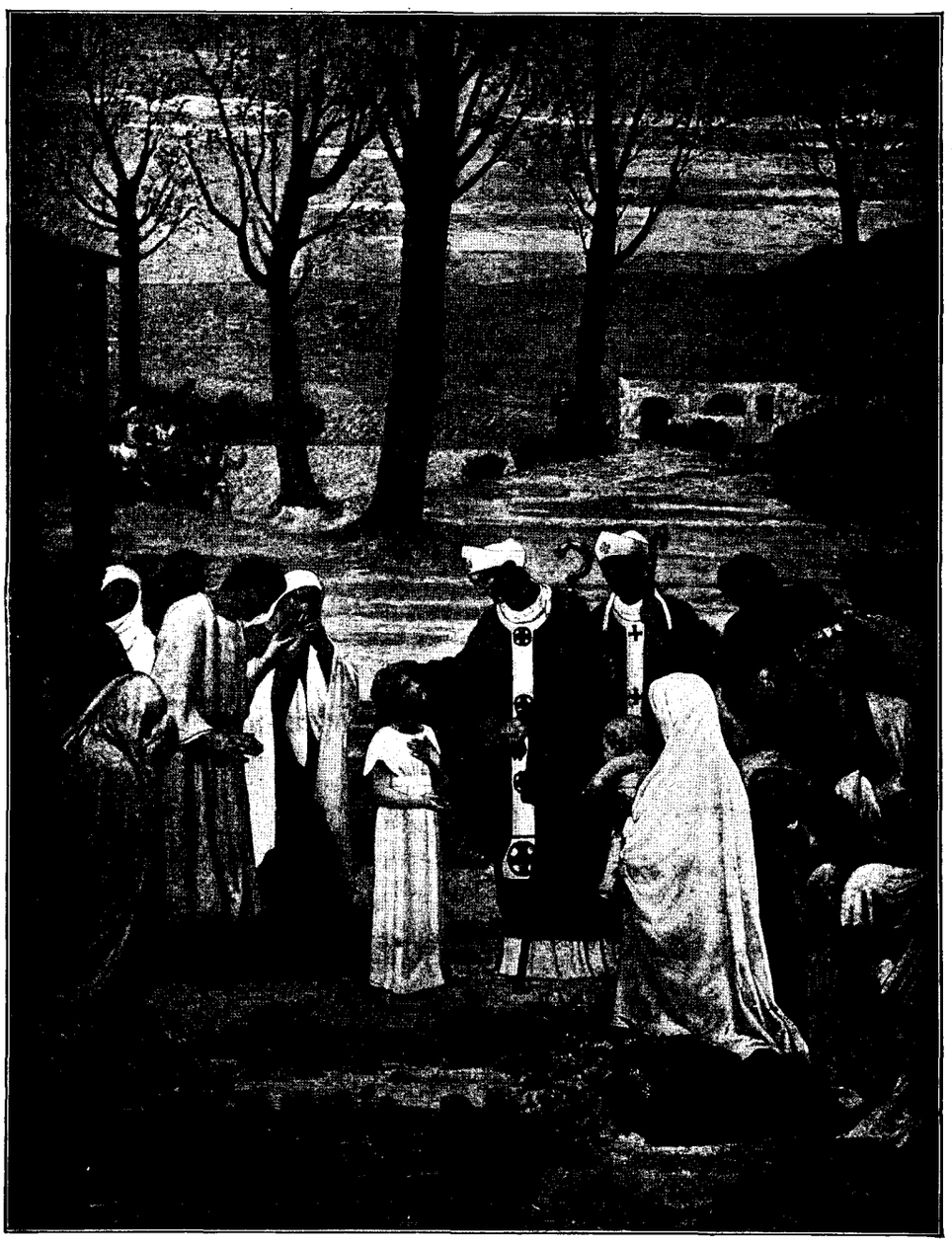
Better, in many respects, than the memoirs of great men who themselves made history are the memoirs of those who lived less prominently beside them, moved observantly in their inmost circles, and were interested and intelligent lookers-on at the game. We are not so curious to know what a great man thought of himself as what his contemporaries thought of him; he would be pretty sure to cut a satisfactory figure in his own eyes, and to overlook the importance of his less important traits, even if he were conscious of them; we must have sight of his littlenesses as well as his greatness if we would know the whole man; and seen through the eyes of his contemporaries he is often strangely and pleasantly human whom posterity makes godlike.

These memoirs of Mrs. A. M. W. Pickering are the private records of an old and honoured family that has played no small part in the larger life of the nation, and is closely associated with many of the greatest and most famous names of British history. Supplementing personal reminiscences from the diaries and correspondence of various members of the family, the memoirs go back over a century and a quarter, and begin with some racy anecdotes, and little casual, illuminating pictures of the private and public life of the writer's grandfather, Walter Spencer Stanhope, who was for forty years a member of the House of Commons, and used to keep open house at his country place, Cannon Hall, in Yorkshire, and at Grosvenor Square, in London.

It is the right sort of discursive, gossipy book that you can open anywhere in the certainty of coming upon something that is entertaining and much that is at the same time of unique interest and value, for Mrs. Pickering had humour, an eye for character, and an instinct for essential details. Dip into it at random, by way of experiment, and here is a passing mention of how the writer's uncle, journeying on the Doncaster coach, was struck by the driver's keen appreciation of the picturesque grouping of some cattle in a field, learned that the man was fond of drawing, visited him at his house, and recognising the cleverness of his artistic experiments, commissioned him to paint a horse, and so discovered and encouraged the unknown Herring whom all the world knows now for his animal paintings. Dip in again, and here are vivid glimpses of the Corn Law riots, or of the later disaffection and tumults that accompanied the Chartist movement; or of a levee or a ball at the Court of the young Queen Victoria.

And everywhere one meets with famous and familiar personages, sometimes living up to the dignity with which we generally invest them, and sometimes in a more human guise of homely circumstance. Here is a kindly or amusing sidelight on the everyday life of the late Queen and the Prince Consort; here, again, a vivid little presentment of the Duke of Wellington, the spoilt romance of his love affair, his frank contempt of the populace; a thumb-nail sketch of Monckton Milnes, or of Landseer; much miscellaneous gossip about the Roseberys, and an incidental vision of old Lord Rosebery having his gout attended to.

There is a clever characterisation and a justification of Colonel Hudson Lowe, afterwards to become infamous as Napoleon's gaoler, and a sensational and perhaps questionable story of an attempt that was made on his life after the Emperor's death. One of the most notable letters in the book is from Lord Collingwood to Mrs. Pickering's grandfather; it was written four days after Trafalgar, and in it, as Mrs. Pickering points out, "in spite of the warm and heartfelt tribute which the writer pays to Nelson, he seems to take to himself the entire credit of the victory." Not less notable, and more valuable, perhaps, are the exceedingly interesting extracts from the journal of Mrs. Pickering's father, describing his travels in Spain and his detention as a prisoner of war in that country and in France between 1811 and 1813. Among the extracts, to say nothing of meetings with Fouché and such men as Marshals Macdonald and Ney, there are two



From "Great French Painters" (Duckworth and Co.).

Childhood of St. Genevieve.

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brilliantly realistic eye-witness descriptions of Napoleon, aloof and arrogant before the retreat from Moscow, and afterwards propitiatory in Paris, seeking to regain the goodwill of his disillusioned people.

There is no malice in the book, but there is that perfect, careless candour without which no memoirs can have much of colour or savour or of real worth. Mrs. Pickering says plainly whom she likes or dislikes, and why; she will credit a man with his virtues, and discuss a domestic scandal in very high society with an equal impartiality. The volume is illustrated with six photogravure portraits, and is one of the most informing and delightful *olla podrida* of reminiscence that have appeared for long past, faithfully mirroring, as it does, the life and robuster manners of a generation that has passed away.

ROUSSEAU ONCE MORE.*

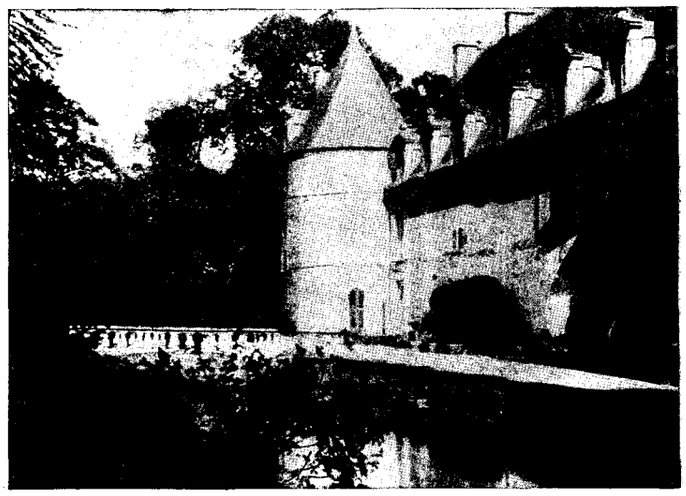
"A small book on a vast and difficult subject"; thus Mr. Hudson modestly describes his undertaking. But it is an achievement, which will get high praise from the few in this country who are acquainted at first hand with Jean Jacques' extraordinary career. "Remarkable and enigmatical" the man certainly was; "strange and tragic" his story. Voltaire may be the least English of writers, yet by his wit and philanthropy and hatred of the Catholic Church intelligible to Britons in some degree; Rousseau, hardly at all. The crimson mist of revolution wraps him round; Robespierre is still his great avatar or incarnate figure; he is profoundly disreputable, a nauseous lachrymose man of feeling who sends his children to the Foundling Hospital, a filthy dreamer, a Utopian who is father to anarchies beyond reckoning. And we grant that he is all this; but the enigma which biographers are called upon to unravel is that he was something else, and quite different. How shall it be done?

I was lately reading another Mr. Hudson whose work on the psychology of spirit has attracted students. He would at once perceive in Rousseau the "subjective" soul, which is all impulse, genius, deduction from ideas borne in upon it, and the "objective," which ought to have controlled it, but never knew how. An illustration may be drawn (I wish it were impossible, but it is not) from the case of George Eliot,

* "Rousseau and Naturalism in Life and Thought." By W. H. Hudson, late Professor of English Literature in Stanford University, etc. 3s. (T. and T. Clark.)

From "Illustrations to Rudyard Kipling's 'Jungle Book'" (Macmillan and Co.).

Mowgli and Bagheera.



From "Romance of the Bourbon Chateaux" (Putnams).

Chateau of Bussy Rabutin.

whom someone has termed "a great genius but a feeble character." In the author of "Romola," as in the author of "Emile," instincts which would not be kept under present a melancholy contrast to the luminous or kindly ideals with which these prophets were inspired. Rousseau's portrait-painter does not attempt a philosophy of the soul; but he comes very close to it. He is convinced—I think with good reason—that Jean Jacques was liable to fits of insanity, which at length blazed out into the "mania of persecution," as they had for years driven him to the wandering habits, as strong in him as in Tasso, whom he often resembles, and whom he has quoted. He was, after early youth, furious and timid, cold and tearful, passionate and indifferent. His life, to an observer of human nature, is more interesting than his books, or rather, it is the life in the books which we endeavour to analyse, as we do Hamlet's feigned or real madness.

But we are, most unfairly, forgetting the acute and well-balanced study which has led to these remarks. The author fully accepts a saying of Mr. Grant Allen's, than which none could be more to the purpose, "It is impossible to give an absolutely accurate picture of Rousseau in any book written in English for popular perusal." Rousseau belongs to the asylum and the dissecting-room. Mr. Hudson prefers reticence to scandal, with justice; but he has contrived to tell us what we should think of the man, not falling ourselves into the Pharisee's attitude; while, as regards the great writings, we get in small compass a lucid summary of their drift and contents. For the "magic of style"—and never did a current phrase apply more exactly—it is hopeless to look in translations. Mr. Hudson brings out its general character by contrasting the sweep of its rhetoric with Voltaire's cool epigrams. It is, in fact, the style of ecstasy and apocalypse; where Rousseau strives to be a mere expounder, say, in the Contrat Social, instantly he becomes dry as desert sands. However, we must quit this fascinating subject. To Mr. Hudson "Emile" appears the most permanent of Jean Jacques' contributions to literature—perhaps we should say, to education—and he is not so well disposed towards the Deism of the Vicaire Savoyard as George Sand would have been. He warns us not to take the "Confessions" for authentic history, and corrects them in many particulars. It is just possible that he allows too much himself where the unhappy Madame de Warens is concerned. He denies that Rousseau committed suicide; and, on the whole, his judgments are such as the best evidence appears to support. He is especially happy in discriminating between Voltaire and his most determined adversary, who has been associated with the gay old cynic of Ferney by crass ignorance, well-typified in Victor Hugo's Gavroche.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE MOTHER OF A GENIUS.*

The saying that a great man is generally the son of a great mother has become so far a truism that its truth has been

* "From Saranac to the Marquesas." By Mrs. M. I. Stevenson. Edited by Miss M. C. Balfour. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

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almost forgotten: in fact it comes as a shock to find how far Mrs. Stevenson displays those characteristics which made her son famous to the world and so fascinating to his friends. Mrs. Stevenson faced ill-health with the same indomitable courage as "R. L. S." An invalid, or at any rate very delicate, all her married life, she nerved herself in 1887, after her husband's death, when Louis had become all that life meant for her, to accompany him first to Saranac, in the Adirondacks, and afterwards in the yacht *Casco* to the Marquesas Islands. The present volume is made up of extracts from letters written by her during this period and addressed to her sister, Miss Jane Balfour.

At a time when her own health needed the greatest care Mrs. Stevenson devoted herself to nursing her son, and nothing could be more touching than the tenderness and unfaltering love with which these two invalids nursed each other. But it must not be supposed that these letters are in any sense a sick-room chronicle. Both mother and son were too inured to ill-health and too brave in spirit to give way to querulous lament. On the contrary, nothing about these letters is more marked than their unwavering cheerfulness. There is the same unquenchable light-heartedness here which breathes through the Vailima letters. Indeed one might fancy that some of these letters had been dictated by Louis himself. The difference is only a difference of style, not of spirit. Where Louis was an artist in words, listening ever for the music of his own phrases, Mrs. Stevenson writes with unstudied simplicity and careless ease. The picture she gives of the life of the little party on the *Casco* is perfect in its naturalness, and illumined by her loving pride in her splendid son.

The library of books about Stevenson has grown to such an extent that any addition to it has to overcome some degree of prejudice; but even those who deprecate most strongly the modern practice of burying the works of a genius under a mountain of books about him will admit that a real debt is owed to Miss Balfour for giving this volume to the world.

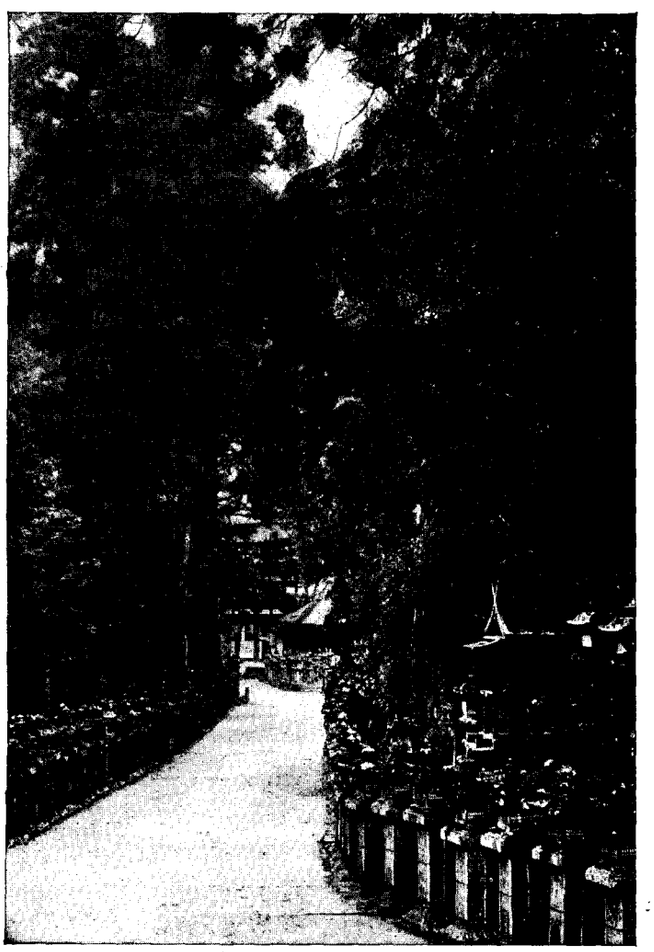
RACHEL MARR.*

We have so few novelists of marked originality, so few who can write a language that is really and vigorously alive, that we are tempted to blinker our judgment, give the reins to our enthusiasm, and welcome this new novel of Mr. Morley Roberts' with nothing but praise. For its lurid or majestic descriptive passages, for the virility and imaginative daring of its style, for the bold freedom with which some of its characters are drawn, for its profound knowledge of the earthy side of humanity, it is well worth reading more than once, yet as a story it is in many respects unsatisfactory and inartistic. Mr. Roberts has a leaning towards the biazarre in tragedy that reminds one somewhat of Webster, or of Ford; his strongest characters are big instead of great; his men and women, good and bad, are full-blooded natural animals pulsing with fierce loves and hates, and splendidly passionate of speech that flames too often into frenzied hyperbole; and, as if the human race were solely preoccupied with its sexual instincts, he devotes himself entirely to an exposition of the elemental passions and general raw fleshiness of that wild beast, as Beaumont and Fletcher have it, "uncollected man." Consequently, the book shows, as in a concave mirror, only a distorted humanity; it suffers grievously from an overemphasis of many things that, being common to all men, were better taken for granted; and from a complete lack of contrasts. For example, group all the chief characters. Mrs. Marr was married, but Rachel, her daughter, is illegitimate. Rachel is filled with ecstasies of maternal yearning in her girlhood and, loving Anthony Perren, tells him, when he has married the wife he does not love, that she is ready to surrender herself to his will. Martha, the old housekeeper, says she understands Rachel and her mother, and owns to having had a son whose father never married her. Mary, the blacksmith's daughter, returns from Plymouth with an illegitimate son, and Rachel befriends her. Anthony Perren marries his cousin Winnie, who had previously had illicit relations with his brother John. The thing is overdone; even the minor characters are more or less tarred with the same brush; and the total effect is not so nasty as it is monotonous. In the same way, Mrs. Marr is mad; the blacksmith Jose is temporarily maddened, and nearly kills John Perren, who betrayed his daughter. As a result of his injuries John becomes mad; he grossly insults Rachel, and thereupon Anthony goes mad, sees the dew on the grass like blood, and the moon nothing but a red rag in the sky, and chases his brother with a gun; Rachel herself behaves strangely, and more than once asks Martha if she thinks she is mad. All this violence is not strength, though it may look like it, and one protests against it because Mr. Morley Roberts is a writer of indubitable power and of high imaginative gifts. Withal, this latest book of his has a certain wild and stormy magnificence, and, despite its flaws, is suggestive and interesting as the work of such a compelling personality is bound to be.

* "Rachel Marr." By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

VADE MECUM FOR JOURNALISTS.*

When a man is about to start in life, when he knows he has to earn his own living, he wants—indeed, he needs—the friend who will tell him seriously what best to do, how most



From "Japan and China." (T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

Approach to the Kasuga Shrine, Nara.

wisely to begin. He neither needs nor wishes, when life and living are concerned, for the friend who meets him with *badinage* and giggles and suggestions for jokes he may not perpetrate. All this is a truism of course, but none the less is it a fact that in eight cases out of ten it is the jocular adviser who puts himself between covers as the guide, philosopher and friend of the beginner. Mr. Lawrence, whose book on journalism is now before us, has the sense and the courtesy to take his subject with the seriousness which it claims, which, too, the intending journalist requires. He is in earnest, he is practical, he is encouraging, and above all he is definite. What he does *not* say seems to us, after some experience of guide-books to a career, almost as noticeable as what he does say. He refrains from filling his pages with platitudes. All who have the first instincts of the journalist will know in this twentieth century that it is useless to send a treatise on marine mosses to *Tit-Bits*, or a love-poem to the *Asiatic Quarterly;*

* "Journalism as a Profession." By Arthur Lawrence. With a Chapter by Alfred C. Harmsworth. Preface by W. Robertson Nicoll. The Start in Life Series. Edited by J. E. Hodder Williams. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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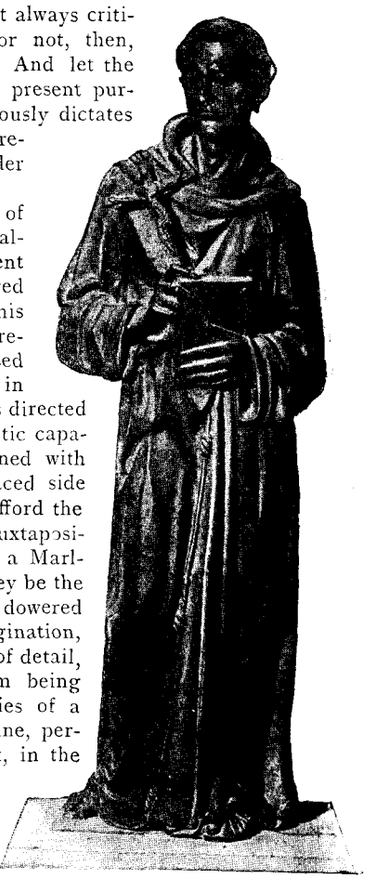
and Mr. Lawrence does not tell him so. Instead of this he tells him positively of the kind of article needed, the way to set about writing and illustrating it, the class of paper open to such and such a class of work, and the remuneration to be expected. Again, Mr. Lawrence is not the writer to use autobiography either to show the contemptibility of editorial methods (if he has failed) or to reveal what a fine fellow he himself is (if he has succeeded). The autobiographical portions in "Journalism as a Profession" serve to prove facts by experience, while they leave an impression of the trustworthiness of the author's opinions. The chapter on criticism forms a fine centre pillar by which to support the whole structure of journalism as here discussed; and the views expressed should do much to shape the mind of the young journalist. When dealing with special criticism and several other matters the author has acquired first-hand opinions from men who may be termed specialists on subjects such as musical criticism, dramatic criticism, serial and short story writing, and news editing. In fact, he has done here what he impresses the importance of upon the beginner—he has gone to the fountain-head for knowledge. To us, however, all these most practical details concerning the whole range of journalism by no means excel in importance another claim of the volume to recognition—its attitude towards journalism as a profession, the respect for it, the opinion as to how it should be carried out. No one will deny that there are some lighter editorial moments in the discussion of a paper's future contents; no one will deny that this editor feels his need for a duchess, and that editor for a death-bed, in their serial or their idyll; but this is not to affirm that in consequence the work is mere flippancy, with no motive behind it but to pander to a vitiated public taste. Mr. Lawrence in his grave words on criticism and responsibility, and by the whole tone of his writing, corrects that inclination to speak and think with sub-conscious belittlement of all journalism. His book impresses rather the seriousness of the work, the need for unrelaxed interest, the worth of it all, and the fair openings as a means of livelihood for the man or woman who is prepared to give attention, loyalty, and the best of his or her intellect to it. This volume should be on the lists of every School for Journalism as a matter of course.

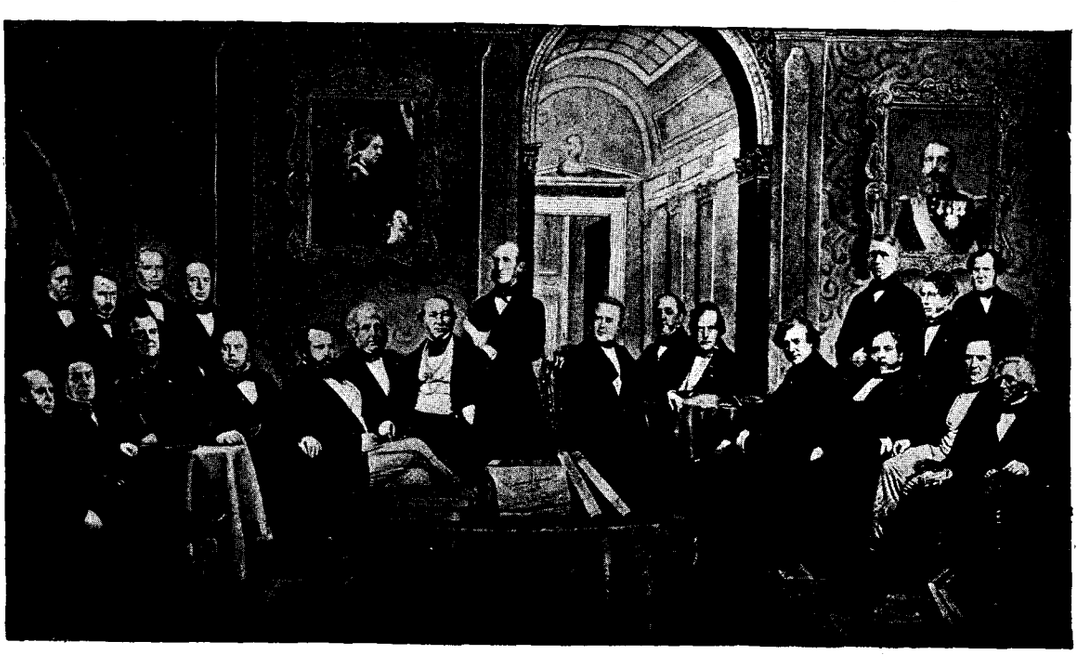
LORD WOLSELEY'S MEMOIRS.*

Though comparisons have been branded with an opprobrious epithet, I fear that the human (or inhuman) reviewer is congenitally a comparing animal—one who cannot, as a rule, get through his work without recourse to the condemned expedient. And at least there is this to be said, from his point of view, in favour of comparison—that, if generally to some extent unfair, it is almost always critically enlightening. Odious or not, then, here goes for a comparison! And let the foil or offset selected for the present purpose be—as circumstance obviously dictates—the Memoirs of the other foremost British warrior of the older generation now alive.



Statue of Francis, by Donatello.
From "The Life of Francis of Assisi" (Methuen and Co.)

In the first place, the points of resemblance between the two gallant autobiographers are patent to the world. Each has rendered great and durable service to his country in the work of empire-making. Each has been blessed with a like uniform success in arms; and as for the criticisms directed against either in his bureaucratic capacity, we are not here concerned with these. Nor, again, when placed side by side, do the rival generals afford the effective contrast offered by juxtaposition of say a Wellington with a Marlborough. For, if Lord Wolseley be the more brilliant commander, dowered with the bolder military imagination, the more comprehensive grasp of detail, still Lord Roberts is far from being great in the secondary qualities of a soldier only. Great in discipline, perseverance, pluck, last and best, in the faculty of attaching followers to himself, he is not great in these alone. True some considerable deductions require to be made from the "came, saw, and conquered" estimate of his last achievement. True he has never, so far as I am aware, rivalled Lord Wolseley's feat when, seated in an office in London, with a map of Egypt before him, he forecast the point at which the rebel army would concentrate; and, having done so, decided that that enemy must there be crushed, not merely maimed or dispersed; and that, having crushed him, our cavalry must at once push on to Cairo, so as to arrive there at a specific psychical moment. To conceive such a dream as this, or, having conceived it, to turn it promptly and precisely into reality—this is probably not Lord Roberts's way. Nor does his record show anything exactly like the march to Kumasi in the face of superhuman difficulties, the destruction of that capital, and the return to the coast—all within the narrow time-limit prescribed by exigencies of a deadly climate. Such precise correspondence between project and execution, such prestidigitation, as I may say, of accomplishment, do not characterise Lord Roberts. Yet he, too, as is well known, has achieved not only his great but his dashing deeds as well. Witness that incident in Afghanistan, when, boldly leaving a small portion of his force to "contain" a confronting army, and having



From "Portraits of the Sixties" (Fisher Unwin.)

* "The Story of a Soldier's Life." By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, G.C.M.G. 2 vols. 32s. net. (Constable.)

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slipt away with the remainder, he successfully turned that army's flank. So much, then, for the men; but when we come to consider the books, the comparison at once assumes a different aspect. Let us ask how so.

When Lord Roberts's Memoirs made their appearance three or four years ago, they were universally read and universally commended. This was but right and fitting, for the book reflected the charm of a singularly modest and genial character, left unspoilt by great success. The author's treatment, for example, of those short-sighted persons who had slighted him as an unprotected youth was a model of fine temper, which future writers of autobiography will consult their own interest in imitating. In a word, the book was a very amiable and estimable performance; but there the somewhat sober praise which by right belongs to it must be allowed to end. With the book before us the case is widely different. Nobody, I presume, ever became mentally elevated over Lord Roberts's Memoirs, or, if anyone did, his head must have been weak, for the intellectual stimulus supplied by them was of teetotal mildness. Lord Wolseley's brand is different—it is heady, intoxicating even. Only be this remembered, that to become mentally intoxicated on good reading is one of the finest and most salutary experiences of life. We can, indeed, wish nothing better for the youth of Britain than to read Lord Wolseley's book and catch from it, if so may be, some portion of his fervour of enthusiasm.

From "Adventures of Gerard" (Newnes.)

He rode in silence, the greatest and the saddest of men.

Enthusiasm breeds enthusiasm—for the writer and the book. Let us, however, for the moment put our enthusiasm aside, to state with critical dispassion the means by which it is inspired. In the first place, then—and in the estimate of the mere literary man this must naturally count for much—the autobiographer can write. In the despicable slang of our calling, although a soldier, he knows how to hold his pen. As to that there can be no two opinions. But what precisely does this indicate? Flourish, fanfaronnade? Least of all things in the world. For of that hectic over-stimulation which occasionally marred the fine scenic sense of the late lamented George Steevens, there is here no trace; and as little of that tendency to inflated rhetoric which is the danger and the bane of "Linesman." Lord Wolseley writes naturally, without effort, with a picturesqueness that is native to him; he forgets himself in writing. And he who can do that, having the root of the matter in him, is emphatically "all right."

The wealth and abundance of his materials, the garnered stores of an autumnal memory—these things go without saying, for they had been foreseen, except that perhaps the writer's recollections are fuller and more brilliantly graphic than could have been anticipated. He has told us that he is no believer in Homer, and has rated a soldier-servant of his own as Sarpedon's more than peer. None the less has each man his own taste, and his own symbols by whose means he expresses himself. And, since this is so, we can conceive no higher compliment to pay the author on his work than to say that it contains passages which are like passages from an Iliad narrated in the first person. And, indeed, notwithstanding its historical value, it is from this personal quality that it takes its special mark of distinction. For it may be described in a word as the ideal self-revelation of a soldier "born of God to command." (The phrase is the author's own—though used by him, of course, in a merely abstract sense.)

From "Albrecht Dürer." Little Books on Art (Methuen and Co.)

The Adoration of the Magi. 1504.

That Lord Wolseley is that rare-becoming type, the soldier born, would be evident to a Caspar Hauser who should now hear of him for the first time. From his earliest years, the soldier's passion consumed him:—

"I was eaten up by an inward fire of ambition—selfish and personal perhaps—an intense longing for active service in the field which filled my thoughts all through my life. . . ."

Again, of going into action he writes:—

". . I have often thought to myself, before the bullets began to whistle near me, whether I should be killed or not that day. I can honestly say the one dread I had—and it ate into my soul—was that if killed I should die without having made the name for myself which I always believed a kind and merciful God might permit me to win."

Or again, of the same, on a specific occasion:—

"What a supremely delightful moment it was! No one in cold blood can imagine how intense is the pleasure of such a position who has not experienced it himself; there can be nothing else in the world like it, or that can approach its inspiration, its intense sense of pride. You are for the time being, and it is always short, lifted up from and out of all petty thoughts of self, and for the moment your whole existence, soul and body, seems to revel in a true sense of glory. The feeling is catching, it flies through a mob of soldiers and makes them, whilst the fit is on them, absolutely reckless of all consequences. The blood seems to boil, the brain to be on fire. Oh! that I could again hope to experience such sensations! I have won praise since then, and commanded at what in our little Army we call battles, and know what it is to gain the applause of soldiers; but, in a long and varied military life, although as a captain I have led my own company in charging an enemy, I have never experienced the same unalloyed and elevating satisfaction, or known again the joy I then felt as I ran for the enemy's stockades at the

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From "A King's Romance" (Hutchinson and Co.). **Queen Draga.**

head of a small mob of soldiers, most of them boys like myself."

There is a passage in which speaks the soldier's passion clear and authentic, as it has scarcely spoken in our literature since idealised by Shakespeare in Hotspur or Faulconbridge. Doubtless many soldiers have felt thus, but hitherto the soldier has expressed himself mainly through the interpretation of the poet. Nor is "the glorious mood" the only characteristic one to which Lord Wolseley gives expression. His sympathy, his pity for his suffering soldiers during the privations of the terrible winter in the Crimea is as fiery and as genuine:—

". . . A box of sardines kept one alive for a day. But how different it was with our men! They had no half-sovereign to pay for food; they had no change of clothes when they returned to camp from the trenches; they had no beds to lie on at night, not even when grievously ill. Poor gallant fellows, how nobly, how uncomplainingly they died!"

As strong and unstinted is his indignation over the incompetence and mismanagement of generals and politicians whence these sufferings were bred. Yet he is just, and, speaking with the full knowledge he possesses, his assertions must do much to remove the opprobrium which till now, at least in the popular view, has rested on the name of Sir Richard Airey. The single occasion on which he seems to the reader to put too fine a point on things is in his narrative of the wounded officer who replied with invective to Lord Raglan's proffered sympathy. The act was not only subordinate, but ungenerous as well; yet the temptation may have been irresistible. For other hearts were broken by the Crimean war besides his who commanded our forces there. It is well to be brave as a lion and the soul of chivalry, but there are situations in war which these virtues cannot save. So James the Fourth learnt to his bane at Flodden, so other captains have learnt on to our own time. Yet we would not have had the faulty passage written otherwise. For the spectacle of the successful commander standing up for the unsuccessful one is perhaps the completing touch in a noble and chivalrous book. Unpublished letters in the possession of the present writer prove the earnest thought and care which were given, not least by our late Queen, to the task of selecting Raglan's successor. It seems strange that the name of Sir Colin Campbell, the right man as we now learn, should have been considered and passed by.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Novel Notes.

THE ADVENTURES OF GERARD. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Newnes.)

Pretty well everybody knows the name of Brigadier Gerard by now, and those who have not yet made acquaintance with his adventures are to be envied the good reading they have still in store. Boastful and imaginative, almost, as Munchausen, daring and fearless as any hero known to the worlds of fact or fiction, the Brigadier relates his unparalleled triumphs and hairbreadth escapes as a soldier in the service of the great Napoleon with a racy humour, a vivid picturesqueness, an eye for dramatic effect, and a breezy belief in himself that is admirably characteristic of the man. The stories are written with a gusto, and take an instant grip on the reader's interest and never let it slacken till the end. They are every whit as enthralling as the Sherlock Holmes stories, and they are finished with a literary skill that gives them place on that selecter shelf of Sir Conan Doyle's works to which the inimitable detective is not admitted.

ODD CRAFT. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)

Mr. Jacobs is so delightfully amusing that it is easy to overlook the fact that he is also an artist. As the reader shakes with laughter at the irresistible humour of his dialogue or the ludicrous predicaments of these simple sailor-men, so childish in their diplomacy, he is tempted to regard Mr. Jacobs as a mere jester. Nothing could be more unjust, for this crispness of dialogue and spontaneous humour are not accidental, but the product of conscious art. These sketches of riverside and village life are drawn with perfect finish and the nicest discrimination between neces-

From "The Phil May Folio" (Thacker and Co.)

Lodging-house Keeper (to Professional Lady): "Which my 'usband, Miss, is one of the Virgins at the Cathedral."

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sary and superfluous detail. They abound in subtle touches which show the keenest observation and insight. Nothing is more admirable about Mr. Jacobs' work than what he leaves out; in other words, he is master of that most difficult medium, the short story. Like all artists, he is versatile, and lest we should be disposed to think that the bargee and the night watchman have a monopoly of the gift of repartee, he shows in "Odd Craft" that the seemingly stolid villager is just as plastic in his deft hands. For Mr. Jacobs the artist we have the highest admiration; to Mr. Jacobs the humorist we offer the warmest thanks.

JOURNEY'S END. By Justus Miles Forman. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Young Calthrop's father dies and leaves him so much poorer than he expected to be left that he turns his back on England and sets sail for America to make his fortune. He would regret nothing, he would rather enjoy the freshness and excitement of it all, "if only it weren't for Molly!" as he sighs. But in New York he comes near to forgetting Molly. There is a red-headed girl, older than himself, employed in the same shop with him, but she is plain, and he never knows how unselfishly she loves him. It is the beautiful actress, Miss Berkeley, who is Molly's dangerous rival. Calthrop is fascinated by her, and she loves him; he writes a play for her, and trusts it to an unscrupulous actor, who would have passed it off as his own if the red-headed girl had not foiled him in time. The play is a huge success, and going home from it, Calthrop has a letter to tell him a relative has died in England and he will succeed to a title and vast estates. In the morning he has a letter from Molly, and a letter from Miss Berkeley, and the end is nearly as tantalising as the end of Stockton's "Lady and the Tiger." But whichever he chooses, your sympathies are with the red-headed girl. It is a charming and well-written story.

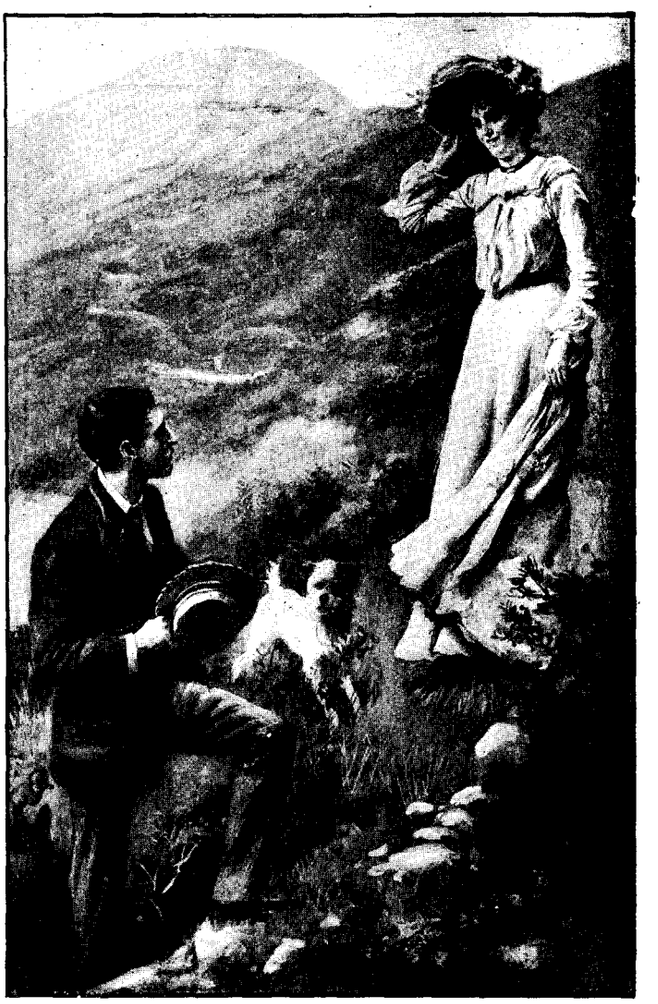
FOLLOW THE GLEAM. By Joseph Hocking. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Cromwellian era is an inexhaustible quarry of romance. Novelists have drawn their materials from it for more books than we can mention from memory, and still in the right hands the glamorously splendid old stuff of history can be moulded into fiction that is fresh and new. "Follow the Gleam" is an excellent piece of work, written with an

"Sing, brothers, sing," cried one stout-hearted chaplain.

From "Micah Clarke." Author's Edition of Conan Doyle's Novels (Smith, Elder.)

ample knowledge of the period, and an earnest sympathy with the character and motives of the great Protector. It catches much of the actual spirit and atmosphere of the time,



From "The Intervening Sea" (The Religious Tract Society.)

"Good afternoon," she said, with a gay smile.

is alive in every chapter with stirring incident and adventure, and is threaded by a charming and romantic love story that runs a rough course to an ideal ending. We congratulate Mr. Joseph Hocking on a very sincere and well-written novel.

PETRONILLA HEROVEN. By U. L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

It is difficult to say why Miss Silberrad is not more successful. Her work is always original and distinguished. The situations are as novel as the treatment. Miss Silberrad takes her own line and works out her own results. She thinks for herself, and few writers of to-day owe less to others. And yet somehow there is always something wanting. There was much in "Mark Wingate" to impress itself on the reader: it was a difficult book to forget. The same is true of "Petronilla Heroven," and yet—there is always this same "and yet." "Petronilla Heroven" is every bit as good as "Mark Wingate"; it is forceful and original in conception and treatment. It only needs a little more to make it very good indeed, just as "Mark Wingate" fell short only by a little of being a great book. The dialogue is vigorous and natural, and the situations new and often striking, but the general effect is of unreality. It is, as we began by saying, difficult to localise the source of this weakness. But on the whole, it seems to lie in the central female character. Petronilla is not quite real, or at least is imperfectly realised for us. We cannot say that such a girl could never exist, but we are not convinced that she did exist, and that is the vital point. It is an ungrateful task to criticise in this way a writer whose work is so far above the common run; our excuse is that Miss Silberrad's work has excited expectations that it has never fulfilled. It has always been promising, but the promise has never been realised.

PRIORS ROOTHING. By Mrs. Fuller Maitland. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Those who remember Mrs. Maitland's share in "The Etchingham Letters" will not be disappointed in "Priors

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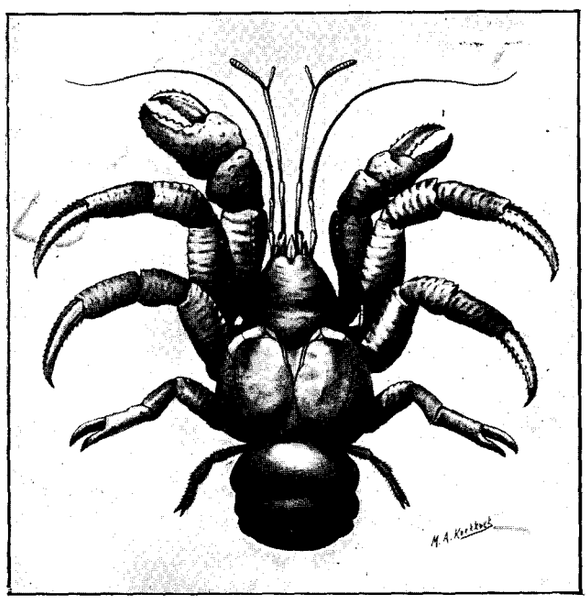


From "Natural History of Animals" (Gresham Publishing Co.) **Cocoa-nut Crab.**

Roothing." Delicacy, good breeding, and a graceful style, seasoned with quiet humour, make Mrs. Maitland's work recall Jane Austen. Among modern writers she stands almost alone in her peculiar domain. There is a calm about the country and country life as Mrs. Maitland sees it, which would beguile the most hardened devotee of town life. Not that country life is without emotion; on the contrary, its peace and leisure give more scope for the play of feelings. The difference is that in the absence of artificial excitement the emotions are more natural and less obtrusive. Like Jane Austen, Mrs. Maitland works in a narrow field. Her art is the art of the miniature painter, and she knows her own limitations too well to go beyond them. But within these limits her work is perfect in its finish and delicacy. The only weakness in "Priors Roothing" is the tendency to exaggerate the vulgarity of the vulgarians. The noisy vulgarity of "Dolly" and Victoria Gorham is overdrawn, striking a discordant note in the general harmony. But the characters of Lucy de Lisle and her mother are drawn with a sympathetic insight worthy of the highest praise, and in the aptly named Mrs. Lushington and Lady Harriet Mrs. Maitland has given us two admirable pieces of shrewd and humorous portraiture.

SANCTUARY. By Edith Wharton. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

This is a study in heredity, with a difference. Denis Peyton, a well-meaning, non-moral man, does wrong without realising the baseness of his action, and, horrified at the resultant tragedy, he confesses his fault to Kate Orme, the girl who was to marry him. She is at first moved to break off their engagement unless he expiates his sin, but finds "among those nearest her there was no one who recognised the need of expiation." She comes to realise that her love for Denis is not dead, but has only changed—she is haunted by a vision of Denis's child "whose mother she is not to be." He will marry some girl who does not understand him, and their child will inherit his weakness, and that vice of the moral fibre will destroy it before it can be detected. And she persuades herself it is for the sake of this imaginary child that she marries him. Their son does inherit his father's weakness, but she had watched for it all his life, and tried to arm him against it, and when the great temptation comes, though he looks like sinking under it, he conquers and owns to her that it is her hand that saved him, and that "if you had let go an instant I should have gone under." A well constructed novel, written powerfully, and with an admirable economy of words.

HER OWN PEOPLE. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

In taking up a new novel by Mrs. Croker the reader feels pretty certain of knowing the kind of story to expect. It will be what is called "bright," with a brisk and fairly exciting plot, with much easy and natural dialogue, and a shrewd, if not very profound handling of worldliness and worldly people. The book before us starts at Homburg, where the pretty heroine is introduced as the adopted daughter and heiress of a fabulously rich old lady. Shortly afterwards the old lady dies suddenly before having signed the will being prepared for her, and the heroine, left without a penny, goes back to her own people in India. The rest of the plot takes place in Anglo-Indian society, and keeps curiosity fairly stimulated to the end. The girl comes home to discover that her mother is a half-caste, and that she herself, consequently, has black blood in her veins. The thought is horrible, and her whole existence among her primitive, disorderly brothers and sisters is like a sustained nightmare to the fastidious pride of the girl brought up ignorant of the tragedy of her family heritage. In the end, of course, she discovers that she is not related to them at all, her supposed mother having played a trick upon her husband in his absence, by taking another woman's child as her own. This brings about a happy conclusion, and the peaceful death of the patient old man who had regarded himself as her father, is under the circumstances as desirable as the marriage of the heroine Verona.

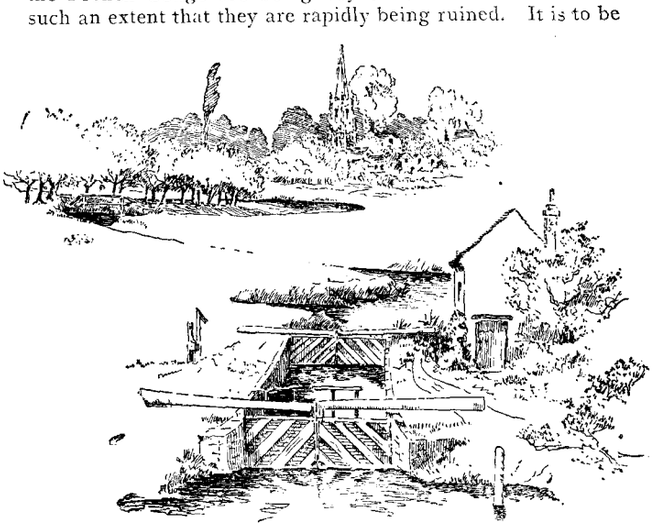
The Bookman's Table.

MILITARISM. By Guglielmo Ferrero. 12s. (Ward, Lock.)

The object of this work is to illustrate the decline of the military spirit among European nations, and to prove that the *causa causans* is the growth of international commerce. With this end in view Signor Ferrero has traced the history of war from the earliest period down to the present time, and has dealt more particularly with Napoleon Bonaparte, whom he regards as the incarnation of militarism. We in England have happily never known what militarism means, for though few nations are more warlike than ourselves none are less military. Signor Ferrero, by the way, has some curious notions with regard to the British army. According to him, Thomas Atkins lives in cottages surrounded by gardens, goes on strike if dissatisfied with his officers; and, if riotous, is reduced to obedience by that obsolete implement—the cat-o'-nine-tails. This is nevertheless a thoughtfully written book, and contains much that merits careful consideration. It is to be regretted that so many misprints should have been allowed to disfigure the text.

THE BRITISH CASE IN FRENCH CONGO. By E. D. Morel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. E. D. Morel has by this time established his position as one of the leading authorities on West Africa, and his latest book will be read with great profit by all who are interested in those regions. There can be no doubt as to the justice of the cause for which he pleads. The French Government, dazzled by the enormous profits made by the monopolists in the Congo Free State, have adopted the iniquitous *concessionaire* system invented by King Leopold; and in spite of the Berlin Treaty, the British merchants in the French Congo are being boycotted and blackmailed to such an extent that they are rapidly being ruined. It is to be



From "By Thames and Cotswo'd." (Constable and Co.) **Lechlade, from S. John's Lock.**

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hoped that the Foreign Office will take some steps to secure their undoubted rights, especially as they have created the trade of the country.

THE FORERUNNERS OF DANTE. By Marcus Dods, M.A. (Edin.), B.A. (Cantab.). 4s. net. (T. and T. Clark.)

The object of this essay, says Mr. Dods, "is to present such a series of visions of the future state of the dead as may give some adequate representation of the ideas of punishment and reward as they developed through the ages, and so to lead the reader up to the conception which, roughly speaking, prevailed over Europe at the time when Dante wrote his 'Divine Comedy.'" Some of the more important visions of the unseen world are traced from Babylonian and Egyptian times down through Classical and Apocryphal literature to the legends of the Middle Ages, such as those of Drihthelm and Alberic, Owain and Thurcill, "the most realistic, the most dramatic, and the most fiendish" of them all. One characteristic is found to mark the entire series—"the joys of heaven are pictured as spiritual, while the pains of hell are invariably physical." Mr. Dods is obviously well acquainted with the literature of the subject, and writes with scholarly care; at the same time, he has an eye for the touches of picturesque detail and unconscious humour in the various visions. He expressly declines to discuss the relation of Dante to his forerunners; but the book shows that while it is absurd to regard Dante as the one and only pilgrim of the invisible, it is more absurd to accuse him of plagiarism, or even of serious imitation. What strikes the reader is not the resemblance, but the contrast—a contrast which the very resemblance only emphasises. The "appropriateness of penalty," for example, which Mr. Dods finds in his forerunners is extremely crude and superficial, when compared with the deep and natural correspondence of sin and punishment which pervades the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio," and even the three lowest Heavens of the "Paradiso." The student who wishes to see how far Dante transcended his forerunners, even while using the scenery of their visions, cannot do better than procure this interesting book.

THE WINDSOR SHAKESPEARE. Edited with Notes by Henry N. Hudson, LL.D. 40 volumes. 2s. net each. (London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

SOME TEXTUAL NOTES ON A MIDSOMMER NIGHT'S DREAME. By Alfred Edward Thiselton. 3s. 6d. net. (London: Elkin Mathews, 1903.)

SHAKESPEARE STUDIED IN EIGHT PLAYS. By the Hon. A. S. G. Canning. 16s. net. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1903.)

Among the many editions of Shakespeare's works, "The Windsor Shakespeare" is certainly one of the most useful and most attractive. The text and notes are those of Hudson's Harvard Edition, and, as in that edition, the needs and wishes of two classes of readers are considered; those who read for pleasure, in the faith that "love is an unerring light, and joy its own security," can swiftly glide past passages of textual difficulty and find in footnotes the explanation of obsolete words, allusions, and the like; those who care for a more complete study can consult the critical notes at the end of each volume. This method has advantages, but also certain disadvantages, for the examination of the text with its doubtful readings is sometimes a necessary process in ascertaining the sense of a passage. However, though Hudson was perhaps too ready to accept emendations, a reader of this edition is in good hands, and the gain of uninterrupted pleasure is great, while the loss caused by the occasional substitution of a needless modern reading for the original text is not very great. Hudson was a well-informed editor, who brought not merely considerable scholarship, but a feeling for literature to bear upon his interpretations. The publishers have made a great improvement on the American form; the paper is light and strong, the type is clear and graceful, and each volume has as frontispiece an excellent photogravure of authentic value. They may be congratulated on the completion of a valuable undertaking.

Students of the text of Shakespeare's plays know the minute care with which the first Folio text has been studied by Mr. A. E. Thiselton. He adds to his previous pamphlets "Some Textual Notes on A Midsommer Night's Dreame," which runs to nearly one hundred pages. No future editor of the plays with which he has dealt can afford to neglect Mr. Thiselton's work, and, whether his conclusions are in all instances to be accepted or not, it sharpens one's mental vision to follow so careful and conscientious an inquisitor of meanings and readings. His studies in the by-ways of Elizabethan literature supply not a few valuable illustrations of obscure passages. His notes are of a kind which are "painful," in the old and good sense of that word, for both writer and reader; painful, and therefore pleasant, for the exact scrutiniser of the text.

"Shakespeare Studied in Eight Plays," by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning, is meant "simply to render the eight Plays treated of more interesting and intelligible to general readers." The writer moves patiently from speech to speech and scene to scene in a detailed analysis, and thus has produced a large volume, which is not designed for scholars.

OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By John Edgar McFadyen, Prof. of O.T. Literature, Toronto. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

In publishing his Eirenicon, Professor McFadyen has responded to a crying need, and done good service to the Church. Himself a critic of no mean standing, he seeks to recall both those who advocate and those who dispute the new views to calmness and charity. "It is to aid the man who honestly desires a dispassionate presentation of what Old Testament criticism is and does, of how it works and what its bearings are upon vital elements in the Christian faith, that this volume has been written." The grounds of the popular dread of criticism are fully and sympathetically stated. Professor McFadyen clearly sees why so much opposition has been roused, and he does not treat it all as wrong-headed obscurantism. On the other hand, he gives a clear account of the nature of criticism and of its methods, and a fair statement of its main results. He is also careful to show, in one of the ablest chapters of a very able book, that the supernatural is not excluded from the critical view of the Old Testament. And, so far as we know, the argument commonly drawn from the words of our Lord in favour of the traditional authorship of the Old Testament books, has never been more persuasively or instructively answered. Professor McFadyen's well-timed intervention, so competent in respect of knowledge, so wise, so temperate, so convincing, deserves the most cordial welcome.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

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YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

DECEMBER, 1903.

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Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

Though there are several living writers who make what in commercial language would be called a speciality of novels of Italian life, yet none of them has produced a story so truly Italian as **What We Dream** (6s.), by Frances Harrod (Miss Forbes-Robertson). The green of the vineclad slopes, the rush of the mountain torrent, the play of the sunlight on the old buildings, the glare of the noonday heat, and the fiery passion of the Italian peasantry—everything, in short, which goes to make up the strange fascination of Italy, is reproduced with vivid brilliance in this dazzling book. The story is simple, tragically simple. Shula, the pretty peasant girl, falls in love with the boy Gian. Gian is drawn for the army, and on his return, as so often happens, the man's tastes are not the boy's. There is another woman now, Selene, and Shula knows it. Nevertheless, she marries Gian, who is almost in a dream, hoping at least to give him the wealth she has inherited. Then despairing of winning his love, Shula kills herself in wild self-sacrifice, leaving Gian, now a rich man, to Selene. After all, the most poignant tragedies occur in the sunniest countries, which is perhaps one of the effects of contrast.

Kate Douglas Wiggin,

Whose 'Penelope" books have been issued in a beautiful uniform edition, and whose new story, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," has just been published by Messrs. Gay and Bird.

True Eyes and the Whirlwind (6s.), by Randolph Bedford, is drawn on different lines. "The Whirlwind" is a tempestuous young Australian, drunk with the overmastering energy and recklessness which is the birthright of the younger nations. Mr. Bedford writes of Australia with a fulness of knowledge which tempts him to overload his story with detail. He has a vivid and straightforward style, and when he has acquired more self-restraint he should do forcible work. "The Whirlwind" was by temperament a rolling stone, and he belied the proverb by acquiring a charming wife. His adventures make up a full and interesting picture of Australian country life.

MESSRS. ISBISTER AND CO.

The Crimson Dice (3s. 6d.), by Mr. G. N. McNain, is certainly original in plot. An American archæologist at Pompeii bribes a labourer to steal a tin box from the hand of a newly discovered corpse of a Roman centurion. The box turns out to contain the legendary crimson dice with which the Roman soldiers were said to have cast lots for the Saviour's garments. A terrible curse rests on all who play with these dice, a curse which works itself out relentlessly in this book. The story is told in a grim and forceful way, though the immunity accorded to the hero seems incongruous. The author plainly relents towards him, because he was crossed in love: anyhow, he seems curseproof, and the story ends with triumphant matrimony.

The Simple Life (3s. 6d.), is a welcome translation of a volume of addresses by the well known Alsatian, Pasteur Charles Wagner. The keynote of the book is simplicity. It is as simple in language and style as the life which it commends. It is a noble and dignified remonstrance against the growing complexity of modern life, the mad rush and whirl which we fancy essential to happiness. Pasteur Wagner's attitude is refreshing and stimulating, and his book—which won high praise from President Roosevelt—is a welcome antidote to the growing pessimism, or rather cynicism, of to-day.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

In **Li Hung Chang** (15s.), Mrs. Archibald Little has epitomised the history of modern China. The greatest statesman of the Far East, who occupied for so long such a prominent place upon the world's stage, was the embodiment of the interaction of Western influence and the crystalised conservatism of the vastest and oldest of living empires. No one is better qualified than Mrs. Little, with her long experience and intimate knowledge of the Chinese mind, to undertake the formidable task of writing the life of "the grand old man of China," who remained so essentially and unfathomably Eastern even while doing more than anyone else to Westernise his country. Mrs. Little's knowledge is as essential to the diplomatist as it is valuable to the historian, and the thoroughness with which she has carried out her task is beyond praise. The book is equipped with a good map, some excellent portraits, and an invaluable index.

There is a fashion in novels as much as in frocks, and just now the story of colonial life is all the vogue. Mr. E. G. Henham has turned to the early history of Canada for his latest book, and the scene of **The Ploughshare and the Sword** is laid in Quebec, at the time when Richelieu's foreign policy was at its zenith. In deference to prevailing fashion, it is described as "a tale of empire," but it is imperial in the best and broadest sense. Mr. Henham's position as a writer of boys' stories is well established, and he is one of those who are helping to fill the gap left by the lamented Mr. Henty. "The Ploughshare and the Sword" is a stirring story, with the vigour and directness which appeal to the boy reader, and it cannot fail to commend itself to the anxious parent in search of a Christmas present.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

Who is "Sigma," who deals so freely with so many of the great ones of this and the last generation? Doubtless this anonymity on the part of the author of **Personalia** (6s.), is a necessary precaution against the many infuriated people who must by now be thirsting for the blood of this caustic and sharp-tongued anecdotist. Great names are plentiful in this book, and there are many to whom "Sigma" is something less than just, but even in his unfairest moods he provides a wholesome corrective to the monotonous eulogy of the modern biographer. "Personalia" is always entertaining: many of the stories are new, and even the "chestnuts" are well told.

Nothing is so easy to overlook as the continuity of history, the fact that modern Europe has been evolved from the ruins of the Roman empire, and is only explicable by the study of that process of evolution. The darkness of the so-called Dark Ages is apt to be so exaggerated as to produce an impression that civilisation fell into a kind of Rip van Winkle sleep after the coming of the Goths and the Vandals. The aim of **A History of Medieval Political Theory in the West,** by R. W. and A. J. Carlyle (15s. net), the first volume of which is the work of Mr. A. J. Carlyle alone, is to trace the changes which the root ideas of modern political philosophy have undergone in the past. This is a history of theory, not of institutions, and the present volume deals in a masterly fashion with the elements out of which the developed political theory of the Middle Ages arose.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

Mr. Harold Bindloss is one of the most successful and most indefatigable exploiters of colonial life. His latest novel, **The Mistress of Bonaventure** (6s.), gives a striking and truthful picture of the life of the Canadian farmer. Mr. Bindloss is not blind to the hardships which beset the pioneer in Manitoba, the rigour of the Canadian winter, the loneliness of the homesteads, and the poverty of many of the farmers, whose first bad season lands them too often in the clutches of the moneylender. The weakness of this book, as of "His Master Purpose," is due to the complexity of the plot. The means by which the villain is finally foiled are too difficult to follow. When Mr. Bindloss becomes more merciful to his reader, his knowledge of the colonies and his rugged and forcible style should enable him to produce a great book.

Verona's Father (6s.), by that veteran novelist, Mr. Christie Murray, is a study of the downfall of a gentleman, a man whose love of drink and inveterate extravagance bring him to outrage all his best instincts. Colonel Pemberton Benham always remains the wreck of a gentleman, even when reduced to the meanest swindling. In the end, Mr. Murray, with a cynical disregard of all probability, or the most audacious optimism, allows the old sinner to reform and end his days in respectability.

No one has solved the problem of blending amusement with instruction more tactfully than Miss Sarah Tytler. **Sir David's Visitors,** her latest venture, is a pleasant story of the life of Wilkie, the painter. It is a bright wholesome book, conveying much interesting information in a palatable way. Wilkie's life affords excellent material for the novelist, and Miss Tytler has made good use of it.

Mr. C. E. Brock's pictorial Introduction to "Penelope's Irish Experiences." (Gay and Bird).

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REINWALD SCHLEICHER FRERES.

Les Nouveaux Jugements du President Magnaud (3 fr. 50 c.), by Henry Leyret, is an interesting book, which raises the question constantly facing the social reformer, the difficulty of administering criminal law in such a way as to protect society while making punishment remedial without inflicting an excessive penalty upon the criminal. M. Magnaud enjoys a unique reputation among French judges as "le bon juge," the one occupant of the bench whose aim is to "humanise" the law, to lessen the rigour of the Code Civile. This book is a collection of some of his more notable judgments, with an appreciative commentary by M. Henry Leyret. The French are preeminently a logical race, and the French judge in passing sentence gives his reasons, philosophic as well as legal, for his decision. Hence these judgments of M. Magnaud raise wide questions of equity, and offer suggestions to the socioiogist, which give them a wide application to much beyond the particular case under consideration. Without endorsing all the opinions expressed in these judgments, which take the place of judicial *obiter dicta* in English law, we must acknowledge our indebtedness to the stimulating and suggestive work of M. Magnaud, whose influence in France is daily increasing. The judgments are tabulated under various heads, and the editorial work is admirably done. By way of appendix there is Anatole France's characteristic sketch, "Le Bon Juge."

MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS.

The First of Empires (10s. 6d.), by W. St. Chad Boscawen, gives the completest account of the results of recent excavations in Babylonia of any book yet published in English, and, indeed, we doubt if even the indefatigable German could exceed Mr. Boscawen in thoroughness. To the general reader, who is not well versed in modern archæological discoveries, the most interesting part of the book is the Code of Khammurabi the Great. This is by far the earliest code of laws yet known, and it is striking in its completeness as well as in its anticipation of other codes of a far later date. The code is most minute, and contains among other things regulations for wards in Chancery, and penalties for breach of promise of marriage. So modern is the spirit of most of these enactments that it is odd to find that a physician is liable to the death penalty for an unsuccessful operation. This is, indeed, pushing the life for a life principle to the extreme.

Cherry (2s. 6d.), by Booth Tarkington, is a sprightly and sparkling love story, told with verve and humour. The narrator is a youthful and pedantic prig, and the story of his flounderings in love and of his final discomfiture at the hands of a frivolous rival recalls the comedy in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Mr. Tarkington is old-fashioned enough to try to amuse, and he succeeds. His comedy is natural and unforced, never spiteful or unpleasant; in short, it is what comedy ought to be.

Given a shrewd and humorous young woman, with a taste for literature and a healthy belief in herself, and set her to criticise, or rather, let her criticise, present day manners and literature, and the result (if occasionally chastening) will certainly not be dull reading. A mere man might find Miss Smedley somewhat terrifying in flesh, but on paper, in **The Boudoir Critic,** she tilts at modern crazes and literary fashions in the most delightful way. Her views are pronounced—by the side of Miss Smedley the dramatic critic of the *Times* seems a fulsome eulogist of certain contemporary dramatists—but they are expressed with such freshness and sparkle that their wit ought to disarm the resentment of the victims. The book takes the form of a series of conversations between "the Princess" and her elderly aunt, who is a "writing woman" with a belief in woman's mission, with a big M. The way in which the Princess with the airiest of *persiflage* scores off her stupid aunt is simply delightful. The book is a triumph, full of good things from one end to the other.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO.

We are so imbued with the idea of the youthfulness of our colonies that it is quite startling to find Mrs. Trotter's book called **Old Cape Colony** (10s. 6d.). Mrs. Trotter has a graceful pencil, and her book is a collection of sketches of quaint bits of old Dutch architecture, illustrating a gossipy outline of the early history of the Dutch colonists. Her interests are wide, and she is as ready to sketch old furniture as an odd chimney or gable. This book does not pretend to be very serious history, but it is accurate enough as far as it goes; and Mrs. Trotter owes a great debt, which she readily acknowledges, to the learned librarian of the Cape Parliament.

The Tombs of the Popes (3s. 6d.) is an excellent translation, by R. W. Seton Watson, of Ferdinand Gregorovious' well-known work. These monuments are taken as landmarks in Papal history, and the book forms a very valuable appendix to the more systematic studies of the Papacy. Of Gregorovious' erudition it is almost an impertinence to speak in praise to-day; his position is established beyond question. As for the work of the translator, Mr. Watson is to be congratulated on having successfully avoided the tendency in all translations from the German of reproducing the complexities of German idiom.

MESSRS. LONGMANS AND CO.

The story of the French settlement in India is one of the great might-have-beens in history. There were the men, the time was ripe, and nothing seemed wanting but the co-operation of the home Government. Although England gained enormously by French inaction, it is difficult even for the warmest patriot to read the story of the French settlers without a certain irritation that able men should have been so wasted. **Three Frenchmen in Bengal** (7s. 6d.), by S. C. Hill, deals not with the great Dupleix, but with Mm. Renault, Law, and Courtin, all men of commanding ability. Mr. Hill, who has charge of the Records of the Indian Government, has been able to supplement the information they afford by some unpublished letters he was fortunate enough to find in the Paris Record Office. The result is a book of real historical importance, giving an excellent idea of the state of Bengal as Clive found it. Mr. Hill brings out forcibly the way in which the French East India Company was hampered by militarism; and it is significant to find Clive writing, "I have the liberty of an Englishman so strongly implanted in my nature that I would have the Civil all in all, in all times and in all places, cases of immediate danger excepted."

The author of **The Haggard Side** (5s.) prefers to remain nameless, and perhaps wisely so, for he knows too much. These little vignettes, modestly described as "essays in fiction," show an uncanny insight into the darker sides of human nature. Cynical and bitter as they are, they are written with an intensity which cannot fail to carry conviction. In fact, we cannot help feeling that several of these little sketches are but slight alterations of actual events. Undeniably they show imagination, but of the introspective and analytical rather than of the creative kind. The author seems to have taken incidents from his actual experience, and set himself to lay bare, with ruthless analysis, the motives of the various actors. "The Haggard Side" is a grim and powerful little book.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The Stronger Claim (6s.), by Alice Perrin, is a sombre tale of a mixed marriage with the usual tragic result; at least, the result would have been tragic if the other man, the right man, had not been there at the end. The subject is not novel nor is it wholly attractive, which makes it all the more creditable to Mrs. Perrin that she has contrived to make so strong and interesting a story out of such unpromising material. The tragic lot of the half-caste, who has so often the vices of both races and the privileges of neither, is forcibly brought out; and the picture of Eurasian life in India is successful and convincing.

Nobody's Baby, by Tom Gallon (6s.). Mr. Gallon is an incurable optimist. Nothing will cure him of the idea that it snows, as it

From "Nobody's Baby" (J. Eveleigh Nash).

He seated himself on the doorstep,

unquestionably ought, at Christmas. He believes in the good old-fashioned snowy Christmas, the traditional weather which is only to be found nowadays in Christmas numbers. Indeed, life as depicted in Mr. Gallon's pages bears about the same relation to reality which this "Christmas number" weather bears to that which a dismal experience has taught us to expect at the end of December. For all that, Mr. Gallon's books are pleasant reading. It is impossible to be sternly critical of one who follows so faithfully in the footsteps of Dickens. Matter-of-fact people had best keep clear of Mr. Gallon's stories. They are miserable people enough at best, and he writes for those who try to forget the mud and slime, the warm and stifling rain, and prefer to sit over a good fire and picture-

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to themselves the clear, crisp snow and the frank cheeriness of the Christmas Dickens knew. "Nobody's Baby" has nothing modern about it. We know that everything will come right in the end, and we should be properly indignant if it did not. Mr. Gallon refuses to be up to date and pessimistic, and we are grateful to him for it.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

One of the most promising features of British expansion is the care with which our countless pro-consuls study the customs and manners of those over whom they rule. In **Nyassaland under the Foreign Office** (12s.), Mr. H. L. Duff has produced a thorough and painstaking study of native life in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa. He has made excellent use of his five years' experience in the British Central Africa Administration, and has accumulated a mass of information of great value to the anthropologist and the naturalist. Many of his remarks are, of course, applicable only to his own special district, but much that he has to say is true of the negro all over Africa. Mr. Duff is a man of catholic interests, sportsman and naturalist as well as administrator, and his book is an immense addition to our knowledge of a little known corner of the Empire.

MESSRS. ANTHONY TREHERNE AND CO.

The enthusiasm of the man in the street for the navy is only equalled by his exhaustive ignorance of the details of life in the service. It will come as a surprise to many to discover how complex are the elements which go to make up the life and efficiency of a battleship of to-day, the moving township fenced with iron walls, so minutely described by Mr. A. G. Cowie in **The Sea Service of the Empire** (10s. 6d.). Mr. Cowie describes the navy mainly as a field for employment, and deals with great completeness with all the different trades for which it finds use. His information is thorough and up-to-date, and includes most of the new schemes which have coincided with the presence of Sir John Fisher at the Admiralty. Perhaps he is inclined to take a view too uniformly optimistic of the prospects of the various branches; he ignores, for example, the grievances of the plumber and painter ratings; but, on the whole, there is little to complain of in what he writes. There are also some excellent chapters on the mercantile marine and the fishing industry. This book should be invaluable to the student of naval life, and to those who wish to learn what prospects the navy offers to men of various trades.

From "The Boy Galloper" (Blackwood and Sons).

And then up and over the breastworks came the faces of wild exultant men.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW AND CO.

Most of us are inclined to be conceited if we can drive a nail in straight without injury to our fingers. Mr. Hopkins, however, in **Home Mechanics for Amateurs** (7s. 6d.), writes for the genuine amateur mechanic, and the very illustrations in his book are enough to frighten the mere nail-driving butterfly with his airy ignorance of lathes and turning. Those with some preliminary knowledge of metal work will find this a most complete and exhaustive manual. It is admirably illustrated, and gives the fullest directions for making everything from an electro-motor to a rain gauge. A rain gauge in a year like the present is almost a hobby in itself.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH.

It would be hard to say whether it is accident or some peculiar characteristic of the people which makes some counties richer in material for romance than others. Some few months ago the most famous of circulating libraries made a geographical census of modern novels, in which Cornwall took a high place on the list. But, accident or not, it is clear that Cornwall still offers a fine field; and **Two Sides of the Face** (6s.), by A. T. Quiller Couch, shows that no one can yet rival "Q" as a Cornish story-teller. This excellent collection of short stories, ranging from the grimmest tragedy to comedy so broad that it is almost farcical, is racy of the soil, and brings out clearly the versatility of the author of "Troy Town." "The Mazed Election" is particularly happy as an example of the humorous short story. A volume like this is always welcome.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

Laura's Legacy (6s.), by E. H. Strain, is a story which centres upon the unconscious adoption of a foundling. Lady Laura Barclay, under the stress of a terrible sorrow, becomes convinced that a baby girl, whose mother, a homeless wanderer, dies in giving birth to her child, is her own daughter. Accidentally, this idea imposes itself on her family, and only two men, the doctor and the vicar, know the truth. It is an interesting situation handled with great ability by Mrs. Strain. The heroine is a charming character, and the story of love and beauty is pleasant reading, though not drawn on the same scale as "A Man's Foes."

Tychiades (6s.), by Alfred Dickeson, purports to be the translation of a romance written at Alexandria in the days of the Ptolemies. It is about as convincing as stories of this type usually are, but Mr. Dickeson has succeeded in avoiding the more obvious solecisms. Indeed, he has shown real skill in depicting the strange mixture of Greece and Egypt which made Alexandria unique among the great cities of antiquity.

Bird Life in Wild Wales (7s. 6d.), by J. A. Walpole Bond, is one of those fascinating books in which the magic of the pen and the camera make it seem that we can all be naturalists in our arm-chairs. Mr. Bond is an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm is infectious, and books like his do more than anything else to dispel the baneful idea that all that really need be known about an animal or a bird is its Latin name. Even those benighted people, who can hardly tell a Buzzard from a Sandpiper, cannot resist the charms of this open air book. Mr. Bond is to be congratulated on the choice of his hunting-ground, and of his ally with the camera. The photographs are excellent and beautifully reproduced.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG AND CO.

Mr. Fergus Hume's name is delightfully suggestive of mysteries and hansom cabs, and he does not disappoint our expectations in **Yellow Holly** (6s.) When we found ourselves introduced into a Bloomsbury boarding-house, we felt sure something startling was going to happen. Somebody clearly was to be murdered, though we could not guess that the victim would be the seemingly commonplace landlady, still less could we guess why she was murdered, or who was the murderer. That, after all, was Mr. Hume's secret, and he managed to keep it up to the very last chapter. Mr. Hume's ingenuity is marvellous, and he carries the reader along at such a pace that there is no time for the incredulous critic to look for weak points in the story. In fact, Mr. Hume outmanœuvres the critic completely.

The late Mr. B. L. Farjeon was a practised and fertile writer, and if he never reached a very high level he maintained a good average in all his numerous novels. **Dr. Glennie's Daughter** (3s. 6d.) shows the same facility in construction and the same gift of rapid and easy dialogue which characterised all his work. It is a moving and pathetic story of a girl who fell a victim, while still at school, to the seductions of a plausible scoundrel, but lived to find happiness in the love of a good man. The characters are sketched with the firm hand of a veteran writer, and admirers of Mr. Farjeon's work (and they are many) will find this, one of his last books, in no way unworthy of his reputation.

It is impossible to guess how many variations, grave or gay, have been played upon the story of the two Dromios. Doubtless Babylonian literature had its indistinguishable twins, with the resultant tragedies or comedies of mistaken identity. Cynics say that all poets (especially minor poets) are impelled sooner or later to write an epic: is it also true that all novelists feel the same impulse to write their version of the Comedy of Errors? It is certainly significant that from one publisher there should come simultaneously two fresh variations on the eternal theme.

In Miss Gertrude Warden's **Beauty in Distress** (6s.) "the mongoose is not a real mongoose," that is to say, the two sisters are not really twins, but the year's difference in age does not prevent them being mistaken for each other. By way of complicating the complications still further, Miss Warden gives us the converse theme—one man playing two parts. Really our head whirled when

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we found that the man who had gone through a mock marriage with one sister had actually married the other. But nobody knows how to unravel the thread of a tangled story better than Miss Warden, and though her book is not without its tragic touches, with wonderful ingenuity everything is brought right in the end.

In **The Desborough Mystery,** the twins, to use an Irish phrase, are not twins at all, but triplets. This opens up possibilities of which Mrs. A. M. Diehl makes excellent use. Hugh Desborough, actuated by motives which are not very convincing, seizes the occasion of the sudden appearance and equally sudden death of his brother Guy to pass himself off as Guy. His love-making has to be done over again, but that seems to have been a simple task. Unfortunately, Guy's Transatlantic career had been somewhat chequered, and the result was that Hugh masquerading as Guy finds himself in a compromising position. In fact, he is more than suspected of having made away with himself, to say nothing of having murdered an American patient. Then there was also Henry—but we forbear to give more details of a plot which is less farcical than it sounds, and is indeed really pathetic at times.

The Chameleon (6s.), by Clarence Forestier-Walker, is a racy, vivacious love-story, with an Irish girl as heroine. The dialogue is bright and easy, often amusing, and always natural. The plot is cleverly constructed, and there is not a dull page anywhere in the book.

We cannot close this notice without a reference to the striking cover designs which mark the novels issued by this house. Indeed, the sight of an effective cover leads us now to look instinctively for the name Digby, Long.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

People who can write in two languages are not uncommon, but people who can feel in two languages rare, and for that reason, more than any other, we welcome any book by Madame Mary Duclaux, or to give her the name by which she is best known in England, Mary Robinson. **The Fields of France** (6s.) is a delightful series of sketches, some historical, some sociological, of French country life in the past and to-day. Madame Duclaux writes of the French peasant with an insight and understanding which make her work most valuable to the student of French life, and to the dilettante reader the charm of her style and the wideness of her reading make an equally strong appeal. Her essay on the French peasant, to single out one at random, is as masterly in its execution as its matter is illuminating.

MR. JOHN LANE.

From Mr. Lane comes a curious and singularly beautiful **Life of Saint Mary Magdalen** (5s.), a translation of one of the best of the remarkable Italian devotional romances of the Middle Ages. There are many legends whose compelling beauty makes it impossible to doubt their truth, and this exquisite little work is steeped in the spirit of these legends in which the Catholic Church is so rich. It is well translated by Miss Hawtrey, with due regard to the quaint charm of the style of the unknown author, and "Vernon Lee" has added a sympathetic and scholarly introduction. By way of illustration there is a series of well executed reproductions of the best known representations of the Magdalen in Italian art.

Of women poets (not to use the hateful word "poetess") none shows more self-restraint or greater delicacy and finish than Mrs. Marriott Watson. **After Sunset** (3s. 6d. net) is stepped in that poignant melancholy which distinguishes all Mrs. Watson's poetry. Written with perfect taste and perfect sincerity, it shows rare imaginative grace and sensitiveness to beauty in every form. This is not merely verse of singularly fine quality, it is of the very essence of true poetry.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

The Fulfilling of the Law (6s.), by Ellen Ada Smith, is a thoughtful study of the love of the land, not love of land in the abstract, but the passionate craving which the farmer often feels for the possession of a certain plot or some particular meadows. The three main characters are all boldly conceived, and have real individuality. The long-suffering victim of an unjust accusation is an old friend, but the crabbed old farmer and his two grandchildren are striking types, well defined. The originality of the earlier part of the book makes up for the conventionality of the ending.

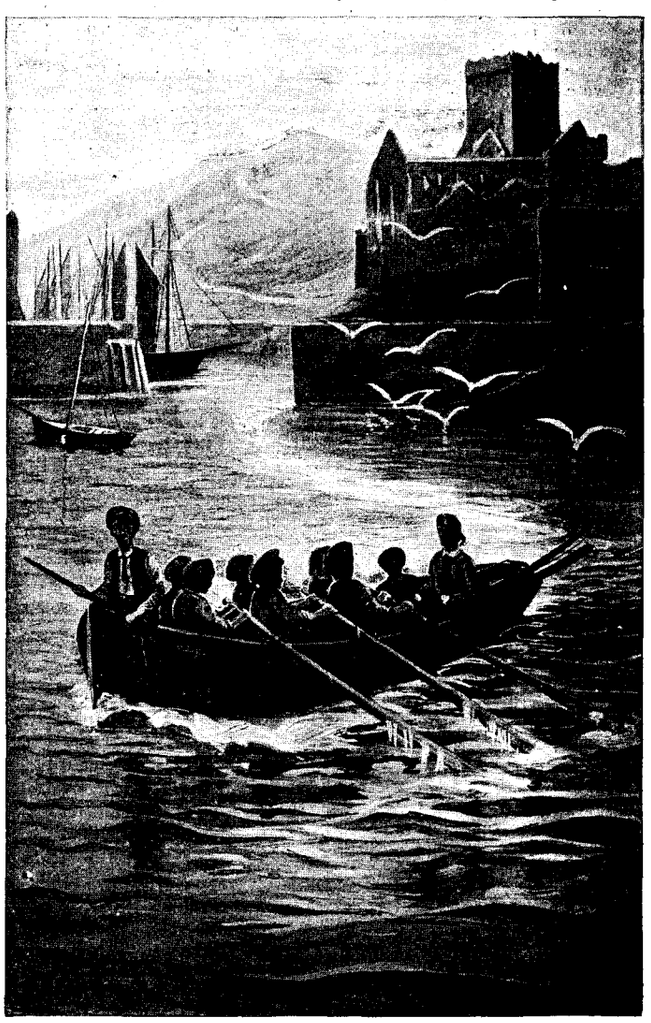
More Christmas Books.

Sixteen Illustrations from Kipling's "Jungle Book." By Maurice and Edward Detmold. £5 5s. net. (Macmillan and Co.) Undoubtedly this large portfolio, in dull green linen with its quite oriental design in gold, is the most striking Art production of the year. But the illustrations contained therein honestly warrant a strong outward appeal for notice. In the "Jungle Book" the artists have found a subject which evidently strikes an answering chord in their natures; they could not have produced such work without this strong sympathy. Well as most of us know the chronicle of Mowgli and his boyhood, we shall find in future an added depth, an added sense of the bigness and the loneliness, and the bigness and the friendliness, of the great jungle. There is a great brooding calm in some of these pictures which positively awes, and stirs inexplicable feelings of vastness, and something which is not of the world of men: emotions inarticulate, but understood with a fine understanding here, and expressed with a silent dignity. Mr. Kipling would seem to have met with men who can see with his eyes and interpret his imaginings. The sixteen coloured illustrations are each placed loosely in a dark "mount," and form a gallery of strong artistic conceptions carried to a point of execution which may be called a triumph.

Gorry, Son of Orry. By Clucas Joughin. With Illustrations. 6s. (Jarrold and Sons.) Mr. Joughin lays the scene of his story in the comparatively unfamiliar Isle of Man, and gives us a narrative which, strong as we are, has gone far towards curdling our blood and discomposing our heart-beats. The tale is one of adventure a hundred years ago, a fact which in itself is promising as regards alluring lawlessness; but the strongest appeal of all is that the desperate things done and the discoveries made, are done and made, chiefly by a mere parcel of boys—boys who might be anybody, or at least anybody with a certain amount of pluck and curiosity. There are touches of legendary lore and superstition here and there; which goes to strengthen the historical and Manx flavour.

Waistcoat Pocket Classics. 6d. and 1s. (A. Treherne and Co.) One of the very prettiest of all the ventures in miniature book production is sent us by Messrs. Treherne. In six tiny volumes, measuring about three inches by two, we have "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," Gray's "Elegy," "Our Saviour's Sayings," and "The Songs of Shakespeare." These dainty little books are in all colours—white, purple, scarlet, brown, crimson, yellow. This is quite the best substitute for a Christmas card we have yet seen. The type is excellent; one quatrain to a page is unquestionably one of the best ways to read Omar, for instance, and to be able to carry the Rubaiyat in one's waistcoat pocket is a matter for gratitude. This little series cannot be too widely known at this gift-giving season.

The Boy Galloper. By "The Intelligence Officer." With Illustrations. 6s. (Blackwood and Sons.) To say that this book will make every boy who reads it want to go out and enlist, is to tell the truth, as far as one may tell it by prophecy, and yet give a wrong impression; for it is not a mere stirring-up of military emotions. To say that every boy who reads it will be on tenter-hooks until he has organised, or become one of, a cadet corps, whether in his school or his town, is, perhaps, to give a truer impression. But to say that this book is written by the author of "On the Heels of De Wet," is, perhaps, after all the most explanatory and descriptive remark we can make. The book begins with what might be mere bathos in unskilled hands, the talk of two boys at school, and a telegram in



From "Gorry, Son of Orry" (Jarrold and Sons).

The "Flying Dutchman" shot out of the harbour as fast as six oars could propel her.

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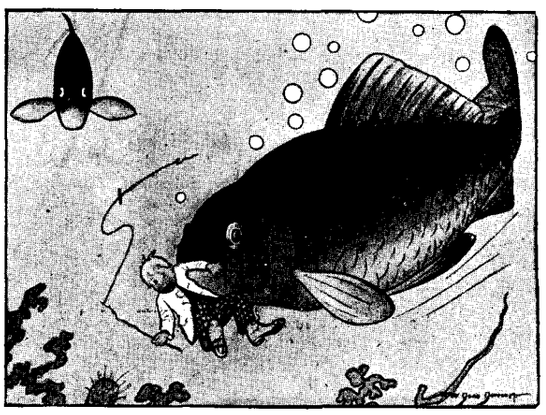

From "Turvy Topsy" (Skeffington and Son).

One, two, three, four, five, I caught a boy alive.

the school-yard to say the advance guard of a German force has landed in Sussex. But the "Intelligence Officer" has made a remarkable book of this beginning and all that follows. We could not have imagined that at this rather jading season we could have been so stirred—wholesomely stirred, mark you, by any book for boys. It is not an incentive to war, but to proficiency in arms; and whatever other volumes are given to our boy friends and acquaintances this Christmas—and there are numerous other books, highly to be praised—this volume *must* be one. Illustrations and a plan of the seat of battle are included.

Romance of the Bourbon Châteaux. By Elizabeth W. Champney. With Illustrations. 15s. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) This is the third of Miss Champney's fascinating volumes on the châteaux of olden times, those fairy-like, or stately, or battered, or melancholy piles of architecture which she invests again with life and colour, and from which she draws romance and legend to impress them for all time on her delighted readers. Miss Champney's style is so well fitted to her subject, her weaving of personal fancy round about actual history is so restrained and delicate, her sympathy is so true and her scorn so just, that she sets us back in the centuries, and we see history instead of reading it. The chapter connected with the small illustration which we reproduce on another page is one of the most interesting in the book; it tells of the revenge of Bussy Rabutin on the lovely Marquise whom he professed to love; and this is the château whose very walls proclaimed calumny against a devoted wife.

From "Billy Boy" (Jarrold and Sons).

Billy Boy had had his tiffin and was sitting quite still.

The Durbar. By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.) For all who wish to possess a memento and a picture of the last and, perhaps, the greatest recognition of the Coronation of King Edward, this volume of the Durbar ceremonial is quite the most dignified and intrinsically artistic we can suggest. From a stately pageant to an unheeded slipper-maker, from Lord and Lady Curzon to the most bejewelled Maharaja, the pages are full of colour, life, and interest, gorgeous, sun-dyed, Eastern to a degree. Messrs. A. and C. Black's series of handsome books of painting is already well known and enthusiastically appreciated; but as regards the actual reproduction of colour work, this volume touches an extremely high level.

By Thames and Cotswold. By William Holden Hutton, B.D. With many Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Archibald Constable and Co.) For the reader who likes a country book of gentle meandering charm we cordially recommend this volume of wanderings by river

She dressed exactly as the Eskimos did.

From "Children of the Arctic" (Isbister and Co.)

and hill, by old churches, cottages, downs, and meadows edged with rush and willow. It is a fact, which may not be known to many, but which Mr. Hutton has recognised, that genuine rural charm is more to be found in this midland part of England than in almost any other. Here one may see the grain reaped with the old curved sickle; here women and children go gleaning in the harvest fields, and many another rustic custom lingers still. The less known parts of the Thames, the upper reaches winding from the source, are full of a dreamy solitude, a gentle charm which are quite unknown in the lower miles in spite of the more obvious beauties below Oxford. Mr. Hutton's walks and holidays and sojournings have made him intimately familiar with the country about which he writes—which includes the quiet old towns of Burford, Cirencester, Stratford, and many another—and his chapters are bright with scraps of history, anecdote, and, above all, enthusiasm.

Turvy Topsy. Rhymes Turned and Illustrated. By W. Gunn Gwennet. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington and Son.) In these pages the tables are often most uncomfortably turned upon the placid, self-satisfied victors in the nursery rhymes—those who have for generations past had the best of it. Mr. Gwennet pictures a very thorough change; sometimes a very thorough, even painful, retribution. Among these gorgeous pictures we see by "Ding dong bell," that "Tommy's in the well," and a couple of cats, reminiscent of the Nestlé's milk poster, are responsible for his misfortune and his rescue. Again, it is the little mouse who goes to London to see the Queen; the pussy cat it is who is frightened under the chair. For all who like justice and brilliance combined, this is undoubtedly the book.

Children of the Arctic. By the Snow Baby and her Mother. With Illustrations. (Isbister and Co.) This year the Snow Baby we remember so well—little Marie Ahnighito Peary, who was born so far north as to be on playing terms with the little Eskimo children—is able to write a Christmas book herself. Certainly no Christmas book could be more seasonable, for it is almost all about the games and the pleasures and the doings that took place when the Snow Baby (who had come home to England), having heard that her father away in the Snow Country was frozen in and had his feet bitten by the frost, started off with her mother to go and take care of him. Children will thoroughly enjoy this novel account of Christmas and of a little girl's every-day life; and the pictures of her and her friends, and the things they did and the places they lived in, are instructive as well as very amusing.

Japan and China. By Captain F. Brinkley. With Illustrations. 14s. net and 42s. net a volume. (T. C. and E. C. Jack.) The importance of this work as a detailed yet general history of these two eastern countries can scarcely be overestimated. Captain Brinkley, who has lived over thirty years in Japan, is a man not only of very

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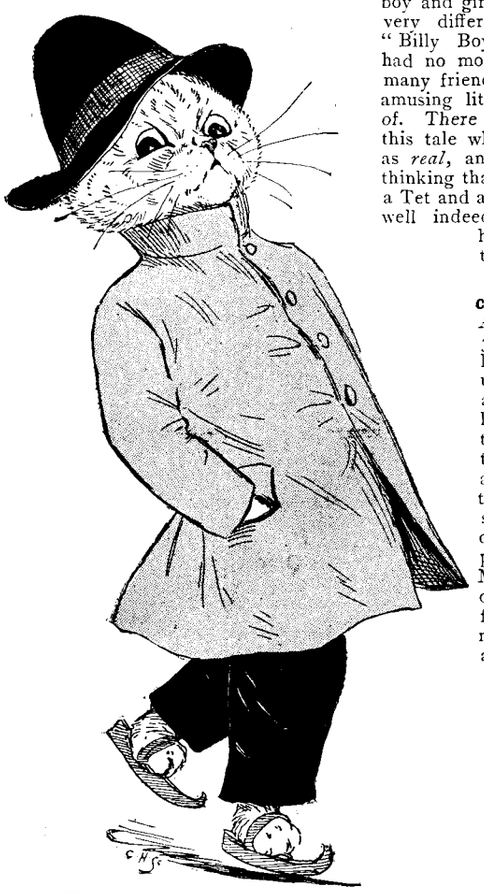
wide interests, but of recognised thoroughness and accuracy and exceptional insight and understanding; added to this he has had long experience as a writer. His history, which will appear in twelve volumes (two of which are now ready), deals with all sides of the most interesting subject—with the past and the growth of the two countries, with their manners, customs, laws, religions, arts, sciences, and literature—and is illustrated in an exceptional manner. Most of the pictures are coloured by a new Japanese process, and are unique in their delicacy and clearness; they include scenes of domestic, industrial, architectural, and garden subjects. Much additional matter, in the form of chronological tables, maps, and so forth, is generously included. This book should be in the hands of every one interested in China and Japan.

Billy Boy.—By Mrs. Gerard Ford. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold and Sons.) Mrs. Ford, who has proved in the past that she knows how to win the approbation of the small book-lovers, has written in "Billy Boy" a story for quite little folks, all about a little boy and girl in India, and the very different life out there. "Billy Boy" and his sister had no mother, but they win many friends, and are a most amusing little couple to read of. There is something about this tale which makes it read as *real*, and we cannot help thinking that the author knows a Tet and a "Billy Boy" very well indeed, and we thank her for introducing them to us.



Mr. Thomas Tompkins.
From "Louis Wain's Baby's Picture Book" (James Clarke and Co.)

The Life of Francis of Assisi. By Anna M. Stoddart. 3s. 6d. With Illustrations. (Methuen and Co.) In a way no life is harder to write than that of a Saint, and to retell the story of a life the main details of which are so familiar as that of St. Francis is peculiarly difficult. Miss Stoddart has overcome these difficulties with signal success, and availing herself of the work of M. Sabatier, she has added much that must be fresh to many English readers. Though she disclaims any originality, her book is a real contribution to this fascinating subject. Above all, Miss Stoddart writes with a sympathy and appreciation which are sometimes wanting in Protestant biographers of Catholic saints. In fact it is only in the matter of the miracles, so essential to the Catholic idea of saintship, that Miss Stoddart betrays her own religious trend. The author's familiarity with the town of Assisi adds much to the value of her work, and the illustrations are well chosen and of great interest. The book is printed and bound in excellent taste, and the daintiness of the *format* makes it a charming gift book.

A King's Romance. By Frances Gerard. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.) This is the story of Milan and Natalie of Servia, two of the most unfortunate and unhappy sovereigns of modern times. The theme is a very mournful one, but it is treated with great delicacy and skill by the authoress. The events described are unique at the present day, and in places one almost fancies oneself to be reading one of Stanley Weyman's novels rather than the annals of a twentieth century kingdom. The narrative is of absorbing interest, and includes an account of the terrible episode which recently ended in the fall of the Obrenovitch dynasty. For poor Queen Natalie even the most hard-hearted of readers can feel only the deepest compassion. It is painful to think of her in her youth and beauty, high-spirited and courageous, and then to remember her broken life, haunted by the memory of this dark tragedy. It is but seldom that one meets with such an interesting and moving story as this.

From "A Little Brother to the Bear" (Ginn and Co.)

The big lynx . . reaching his paws alternately at the herd.

Mousey. By Eleanora H. Stooke. With Illustrations. 1s. 6d. (Partridge and Co.) The name of this author is one which has been coming much to our notice within the past year or so as the writer of especially appealing stories of a wholesome nature, containing a sound, not too obtrusive religious tone which reminds us to some extent of the classics—one may almost term them—of Hesba Stretton. "Mousey," the little orphan who goes to live with her crabbed uncle, an old jeweller, and rejuvenates him to a great extent, is a realistically drawn child; but it is by her homely touches, and her understanding of human needs and human cravings that Miss Stooke will win the hearts of scores of readers.

Louis Wain's Baby's Picture Book. 1s. (James Clarke and Co.) Mr. Louis Wain is enlarging his sphere of action. To a large number of faithful admirers he will ever be the artist of cats; but we have noticed during the past year or so that cats are by no means his only "gems." For the sake of those faithful admirers above mentioned, we reproduce one of the new cats of the season; but we think that all who are fortunate enough to have and to hold this Baby's Book will agree in acknowledging that Mr. Wain's dogs, his hippopotamus, even his fish and his bees, are as clever, or cleverer, than his renowned pussies. Even if they do not acknowledge this, the book contains a whole army of the old favourites.

Johnny Crow's Garden. A Picture Book by L. Leslie Brooke. 2s. 6d. net. (F. Warne and Co.) Did ever any one get such delicate shades of ex-

From "Johnny Crow's Garden" F. Warne and Co.)

In Johnny Crow's Garden.

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From "A Venetian Balcony" (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.)

The wherries, filled with cherries,
Flaunting sails of russet yellow.

pression into face and attitude as Mr. Leslie Brooke does into the animals admitted to Johnny Crow's Garden! The story of the hospitable Johnny Crow, who made a little garden and put "welcome" over the door, is beautifully—even severely—simple, and is not too well known to be turned to with eagerness. After Christmas, however, we prophesy that many small persons will have made friends with "the Lion" who "had a green and yellow tie on," and "the Beaver" who "was afraid he had a fever." The volume is cheerful and gorgeous and funny outside and in, and seems to be a wonderful prize for a mere two-and-sixpence.

A Little Brother to the Bear. By William T. Long. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. 7s. 6d. (Ginn and Co.) Of all the book-waves that have passed, or are passing, over us, the wave of "Nature-books" is one of the healthiest and most widely useful. In addition to this the genuine charm of such a book as the "Little Brother to the Bear" is unquestionable; its out-of-door atmosphere alone makes it almost equal to a holiday in the woods. The observation of thirty years, combined with a sympathy for animals and a distinct gift for limpid expression, makes a wonderfully good book, as anyone will find who reads this chronicle. The wilder animals are those best known to Mr. Long, the bear, the musquash, the coon, the moose, and so forth; and their joys and tragedies, their habits and their cunning, their sense and their affections, are woven into discursive little nature-sketches which depict the magic of the woods and impress the deep interest of the life in them. The general appearance of this volume is exceptionally attractive: every page is decorated with borderings of tree, bird, or animal life which gratify the artistic sense, and reveal the keen understanding by the artist of his subject.

The Phil May Folio of Two Hundred and Fifty Drawings. 21s. and 42s. (W. Thacker and Co.) An art-book which will appeal to the multitude as to the artist is this *édition de luxe* of Phil May's work lately issued by Messrs. Thacker and Co. Of the worth of the work itself there is but little need to dilate; nothing spoiled the art of Phil May, nothing made him neglect it or deal in second-bests; while atmosphere and experience, instead of dulling him, but added to his breadth of outlook and his humour. In this present collection Phil May himself carried out most of the work of selection, giving place to his best efforts and his favourite ideas. The whole design of the volume, indeed, was shaped by his advice. In addition to the drawings, we have here an intimate biography and a full-page portrait of the artist in photogravure. The style of the volume is entirely admirable, both in the more expensive form of hand-made paper and vellum, or that of large foolscap pure rag paper and art cloth binding. It is a treasure the value of which will increase with time.

The Intervening Sea. By David Lyall. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.) In one of the best stories we have yet had from the pen of this popular author we have a problem which affects the lives of thousands of us to-day; and we have it told in the gentle yet definite manner which never hurts in an unkind way, while it points without wavering to the absolutely right course. The problem is the uniting of honesty, loving-kindness and integrity with business methods and the care and control of scores of workers. The hero of this book, a young man of fine character, at first feels that the subject of Christian religion as he conceives it baffles him, he fails to realise it as a living force; but bit by bit, in a home where wealth and social ambition are put in the forefront, he wins his way to the true knowledge of the essential things in life; and a pretty love story rounds off the deeper theme in a most satisfactory manner.

From a Venetian Balcony, and Other Poems. By Lady Lindsay. Pen sketches by Lady Montalba. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) These little poems stand out as glowing gems in a pretty setting. There is so much of colour and swaying movement in them, that the poetry of the scenes lies almost as delicate painting before the eyes as well as lingering musically in the ear. The pen sketches, which in execution are dainty as the tracery of a shell or flower, are quite in keeping with the words. The glamour and opalescent tints of Venice are here, and the spell of her starlight and her moonlight, her dawn and her darkness, can be realised intensely.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 21s. (Oxford University Press.) There is a quite unique interest attached to this edition of Bunyan's masterpiece. It is an *édition de luxe*, and it is illustrated with twenty-five drawings by George Cruikshank which have never been published before. The work of Cruikshank as most of us know it, though so full of force, of fancy and originality, are of the grotesque and caricature style; a style which, however effective it might be, led us to think that it was his only one. In these fine wood-cuts, recently acquired from the famous collection of Mr. Truman, we see serious tragic power, and rare and grave feeling, and grip of the subject. The book is a credit to any publisher, as a dignified and finished production.

Over the Barrier. By "Alien." 6s. (Isbister and Co.) "Over the Barrier" is a simple, pleasant story, full of homely pathos, showing how a little child came and melted the frozen heart of a friendless old miser who had driven his children away from their home. The scene of the book is laid in the country, and the picture of Mrs. Best, the old countrywoman whose son had risen to be curate of a neighbouring parish, is one of the best things in it. Her son's rapid success as a novelist and his raid in South Africa, in the course of which he secures the inevitable V.C., are less convincing. "Over the Barrier" in spite of a good deal that is conventional contains some strong work: it is a thoroughly healthy book, full of life and movement and free from sensationalism. "Alien" is fortunate, too, in securing the services of Miss Frances Ewan as illustrator.

Dantesques—The Inferno. By J. H. Greene. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.) It is not long since one of our leading critics declared that the curse of modern poetry lay in the fact that (in his own phrase) it is "so deadly dear." Mr. Elkin Matthews seems determined to remove this reproach, and his Vigo Cabinet Series, with their thick paper, excellent printing, and dainty *format* are as

From Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" (Oxford University Press).

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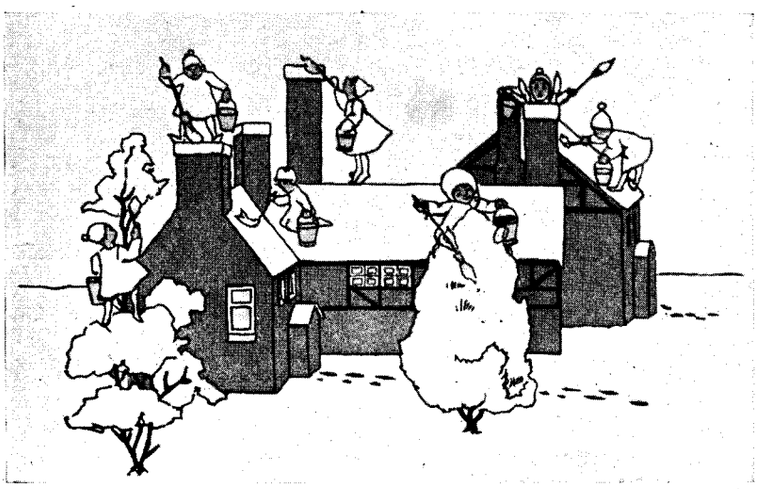
cheap as the most exacting and miserly of critics could wish. We select Mr. Green's tasteful little volume, not because it is the best of the series, but because space forbids us to notice more than one or two, and it is well worthy of notice. Mr. Greene gives in sonnet form his impressions on reading the Inferno, adding a short note against each by way of explanation to those who are unfamiliar with Dante. His verse is polished and easy, but, though easy, it contains striking and forcible lines. Two other volumes in the excellent series, a credit to the publisher's enterprise, are Mr. John Masefield's stirring "Ballads" and Miss Alice Edwards' dainty "Lyrics and Unfinished Romances."



From "Crude Ditties" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

There once were seven Brownies of Stowe,
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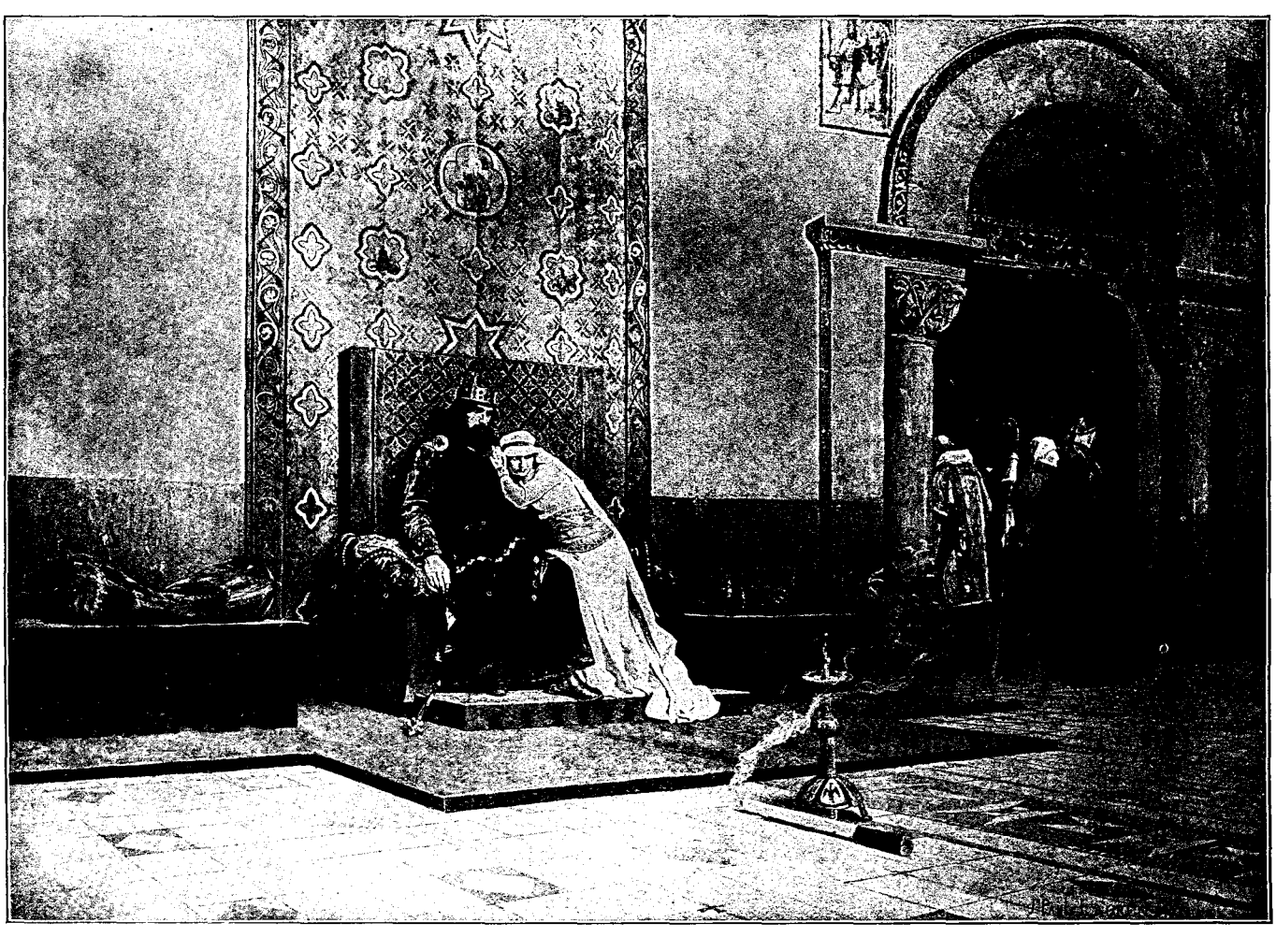

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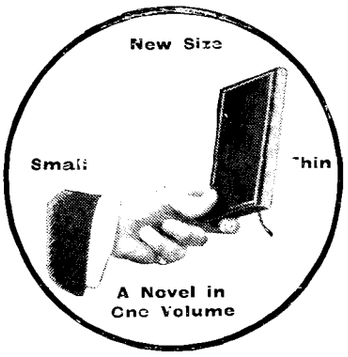

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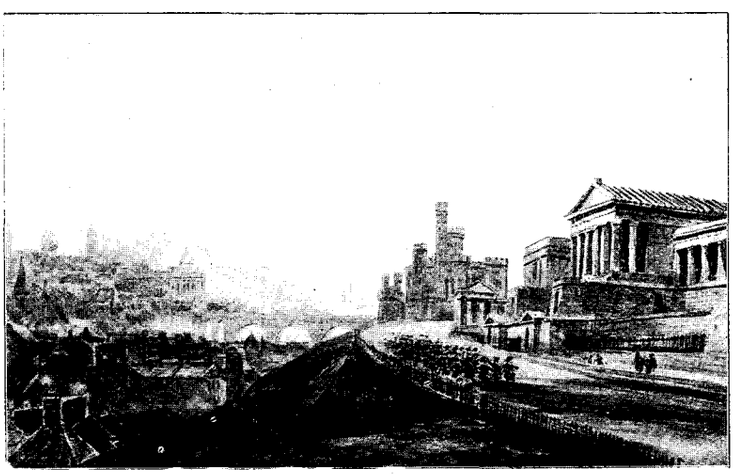

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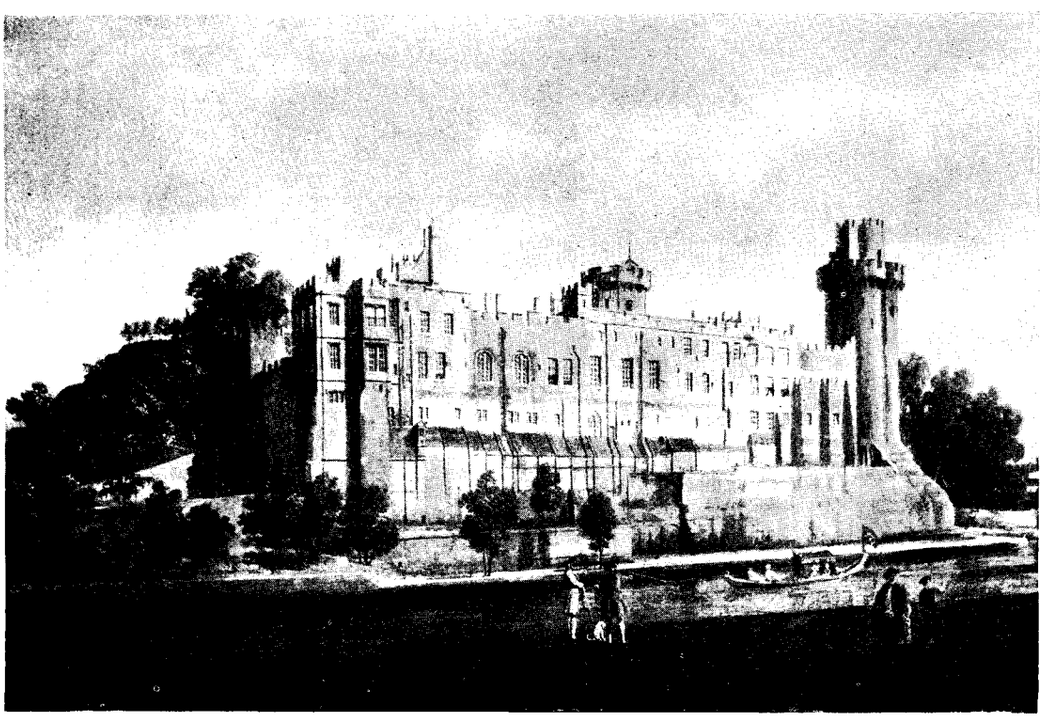

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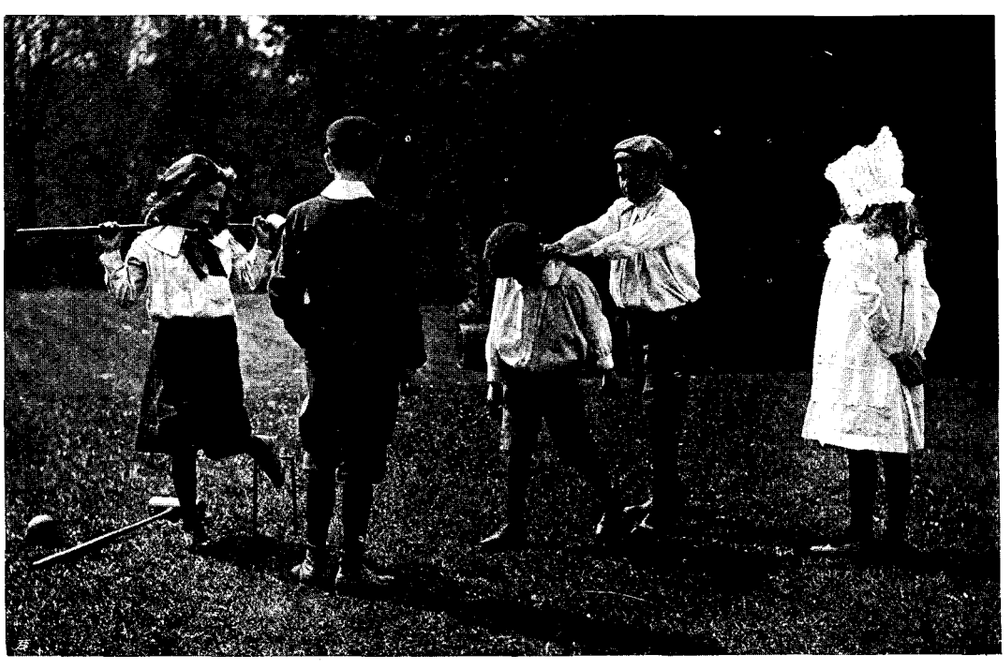

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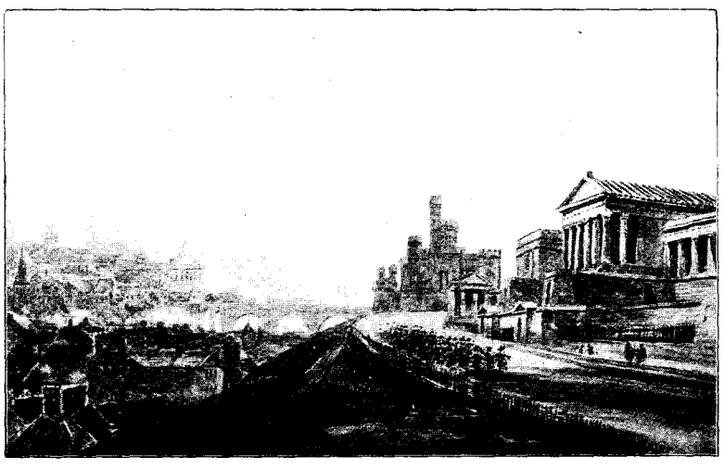

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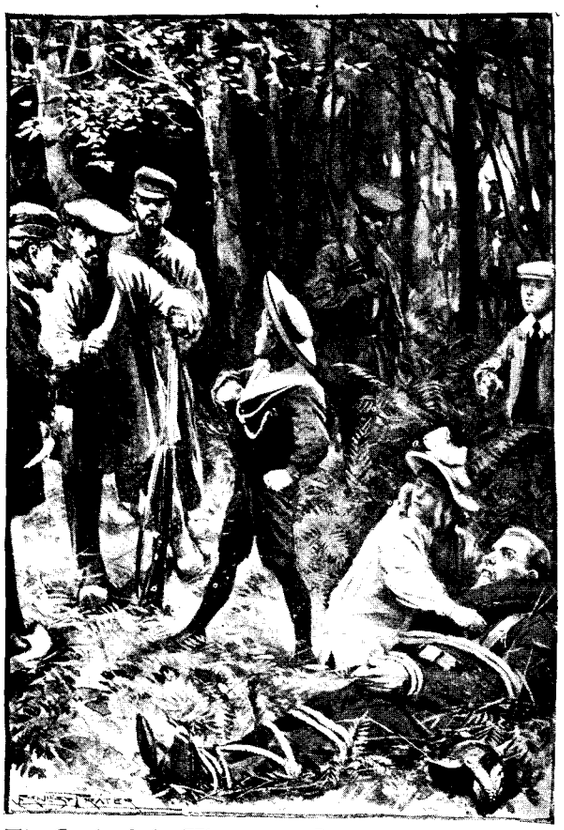

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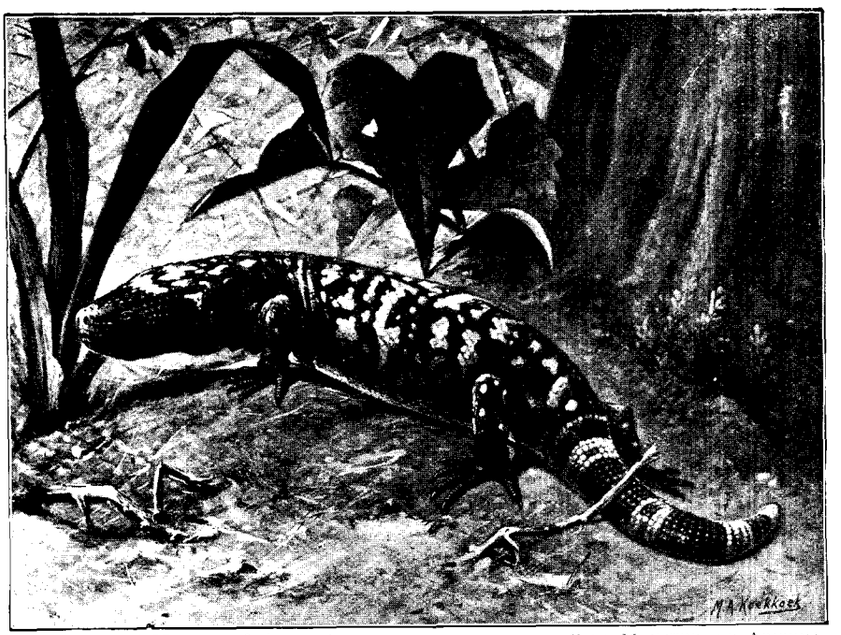

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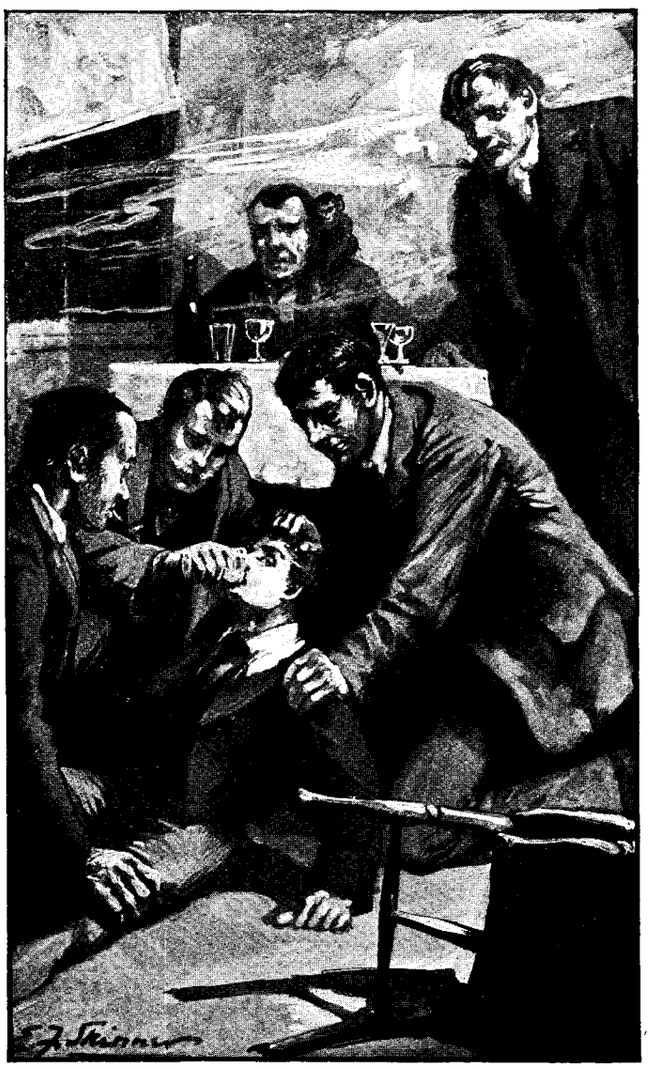

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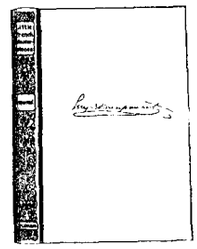

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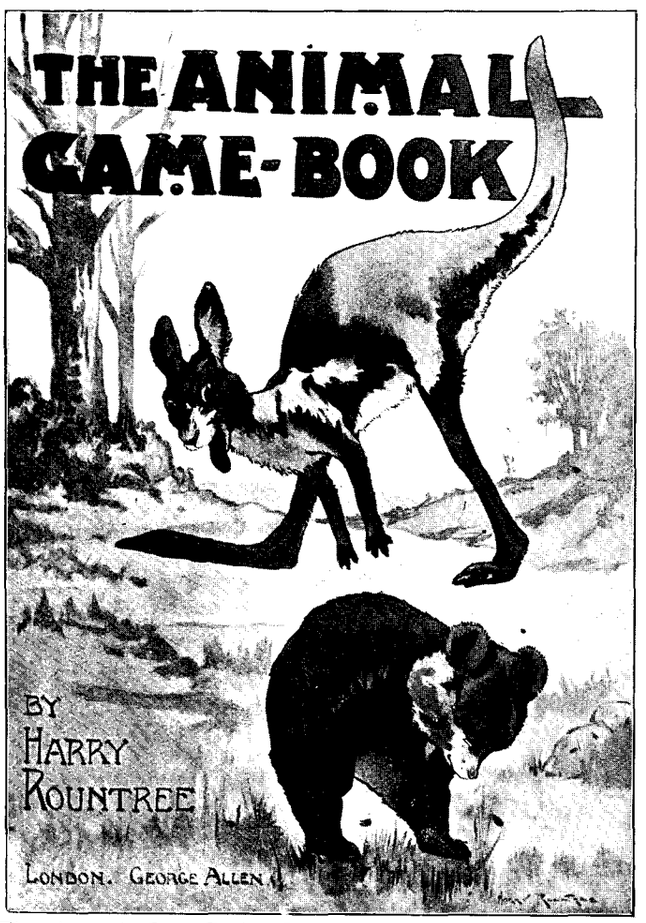

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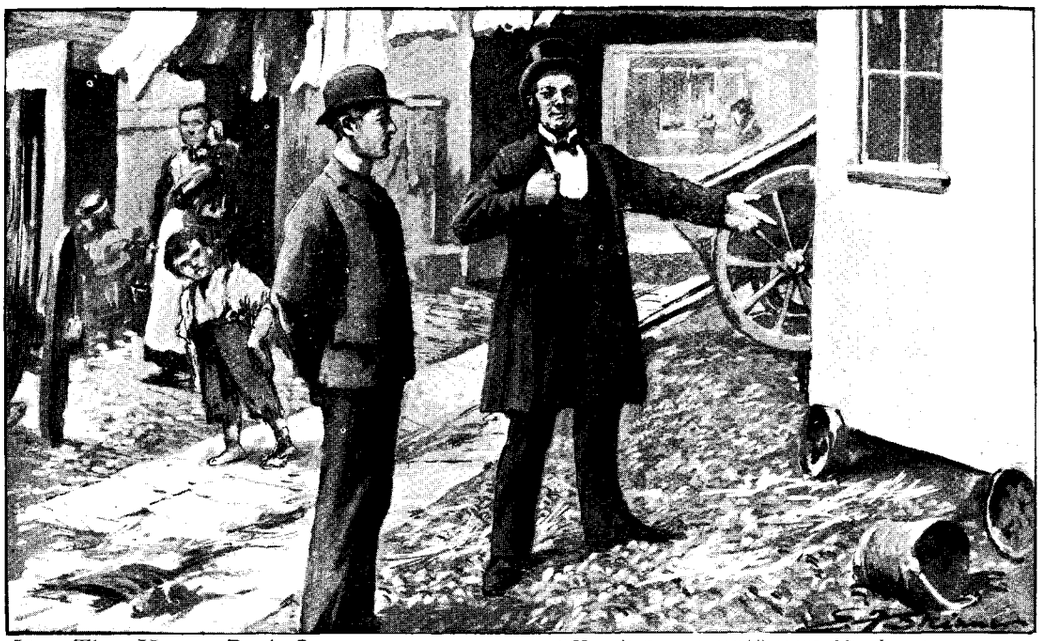

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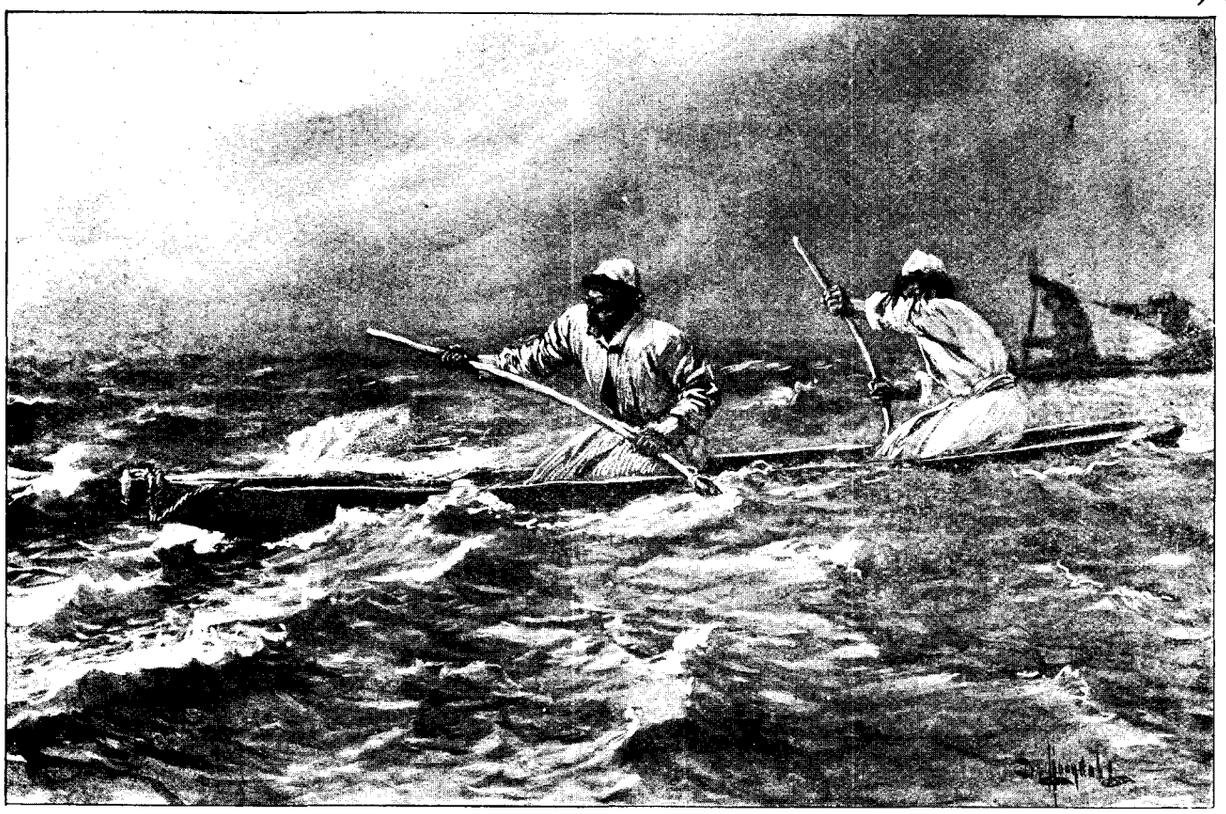

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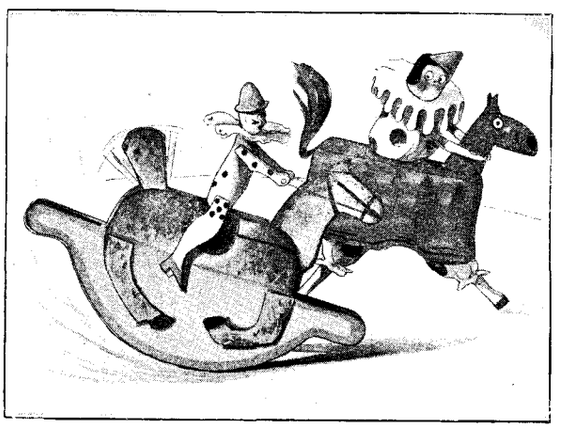

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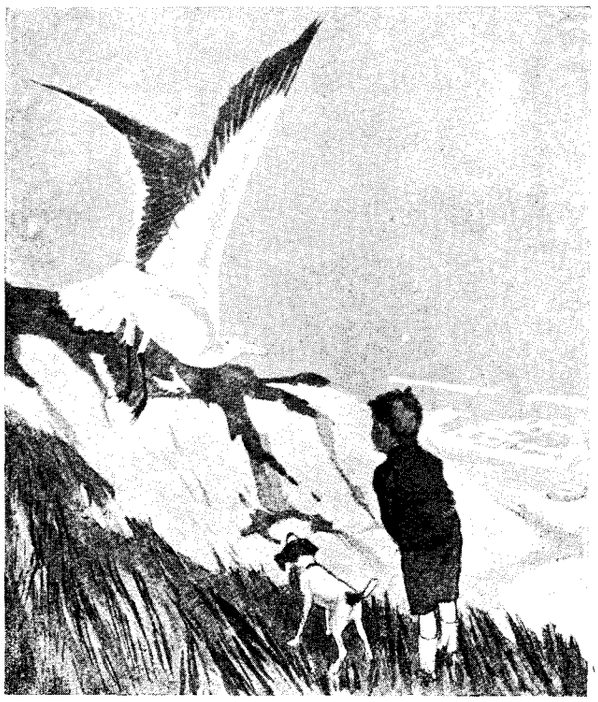

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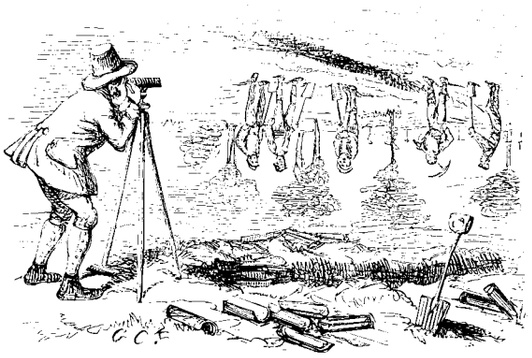

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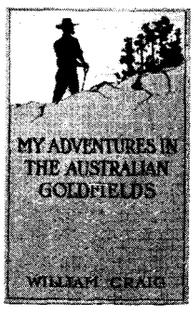

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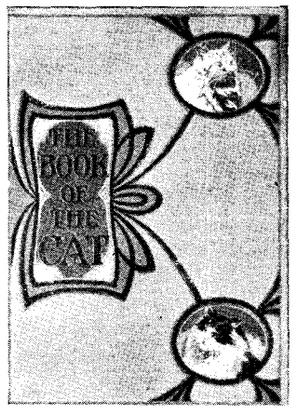

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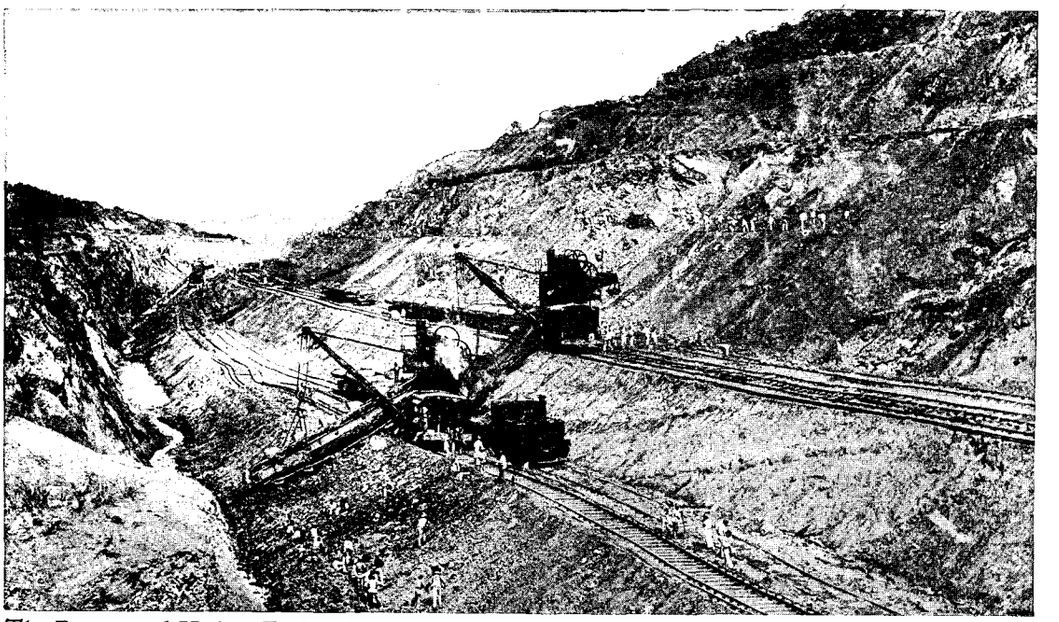

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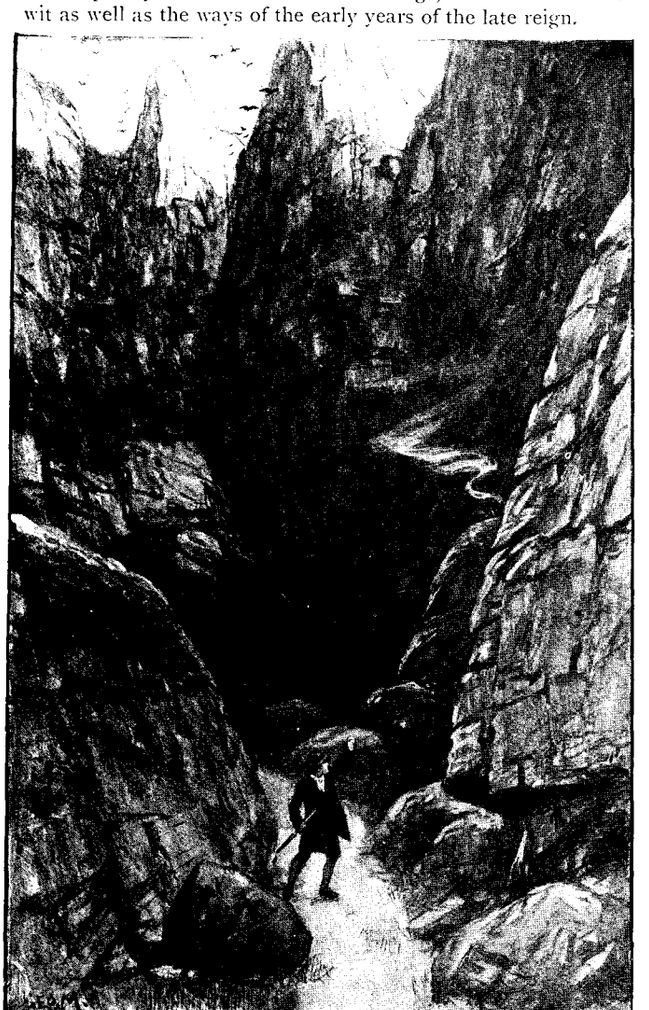

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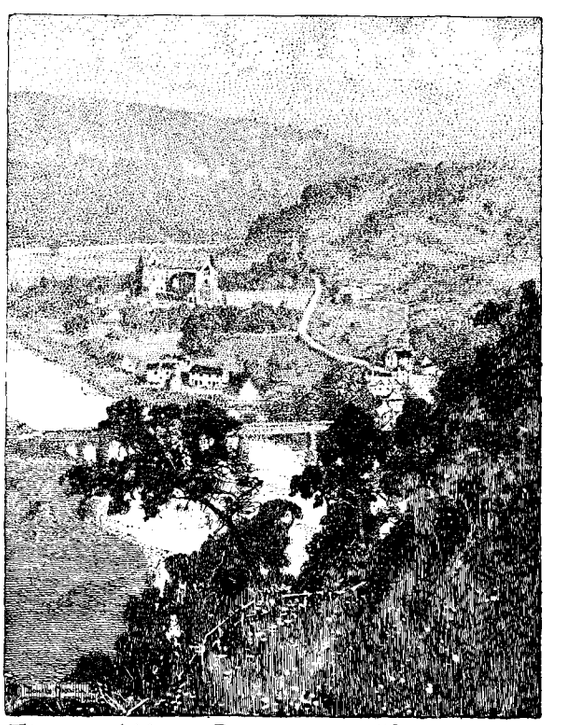

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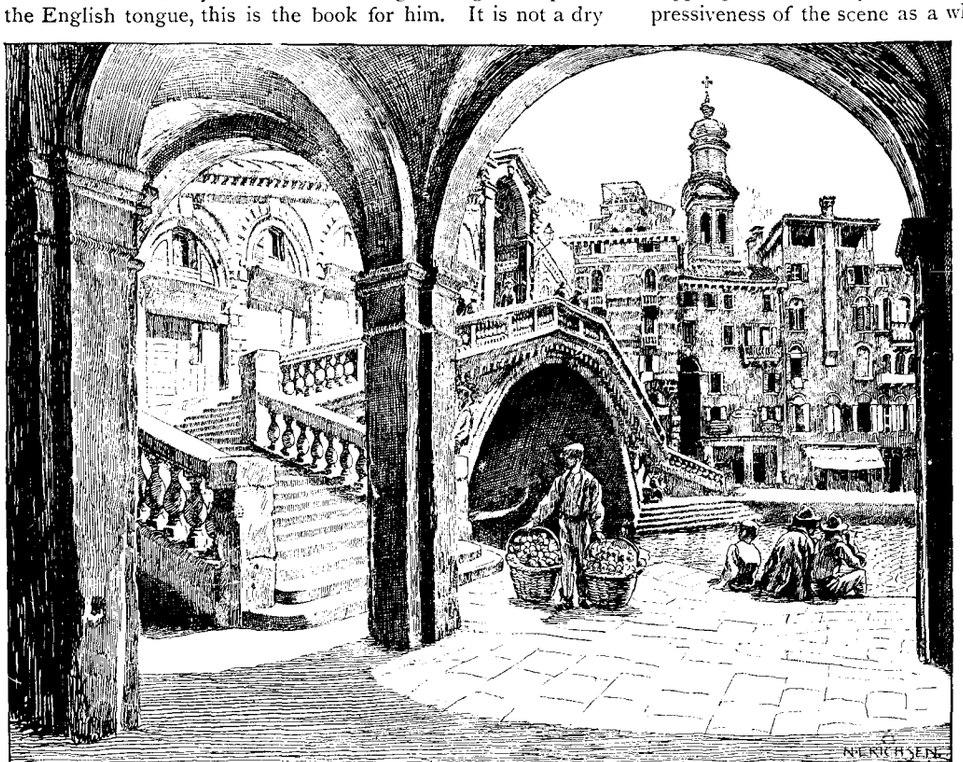

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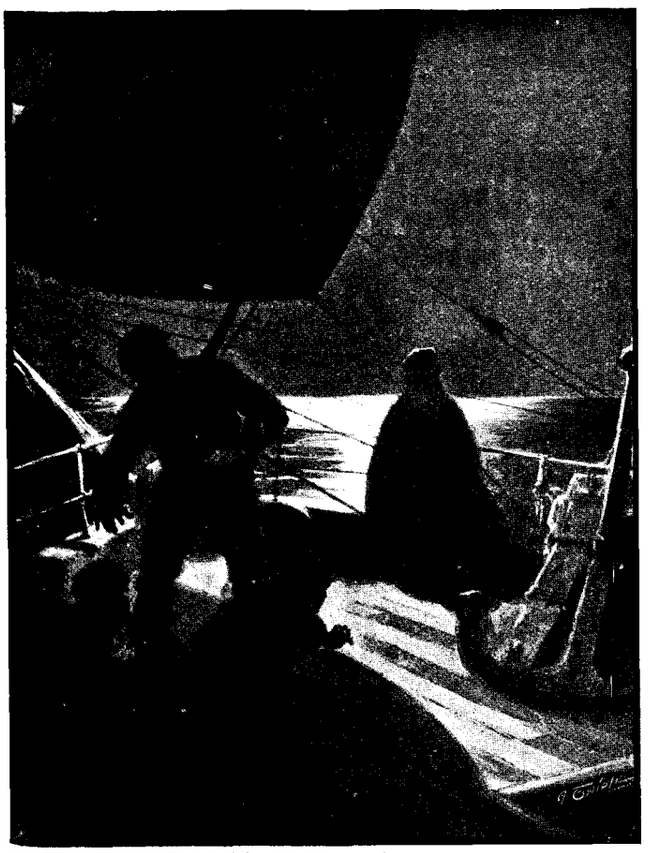

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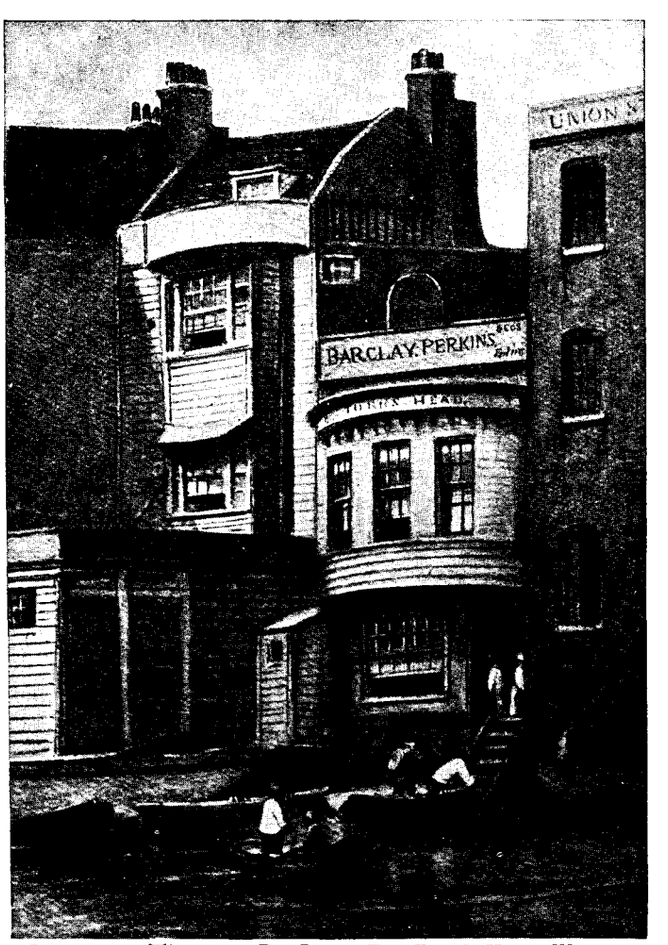

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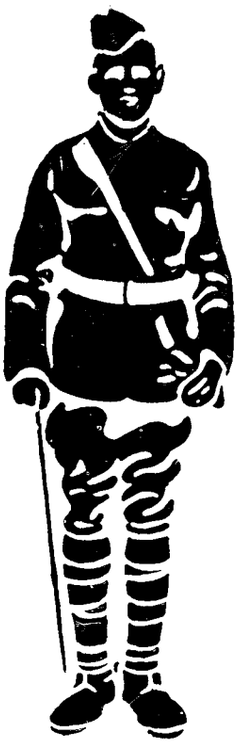

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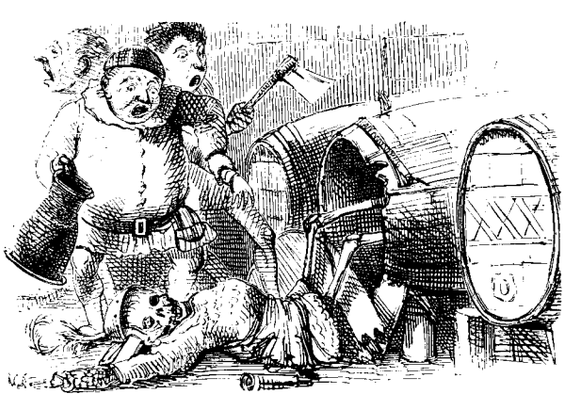

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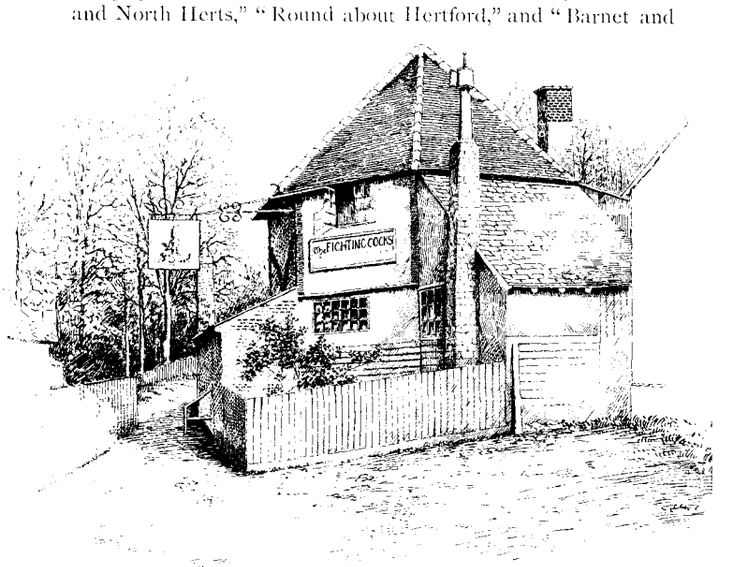

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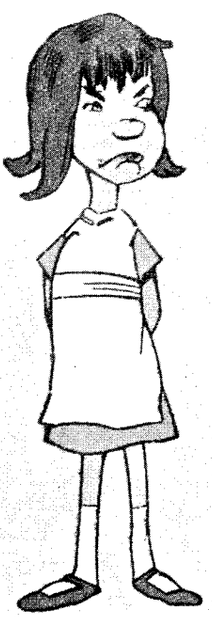

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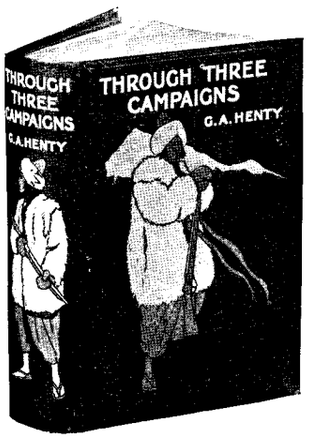

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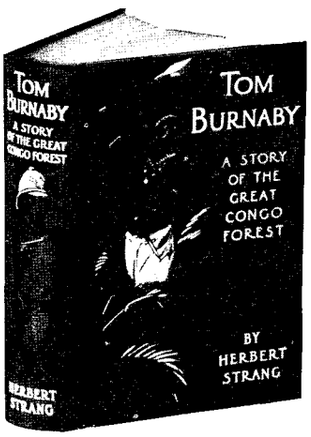

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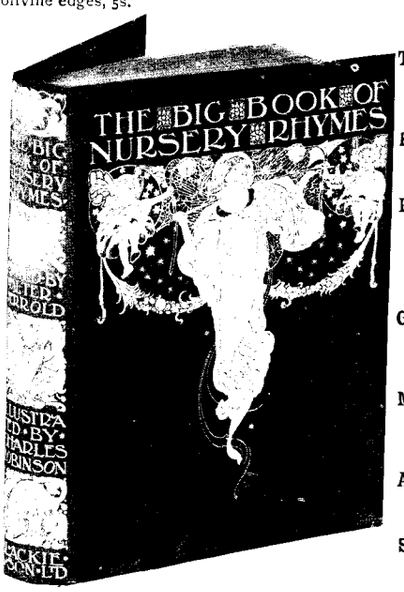

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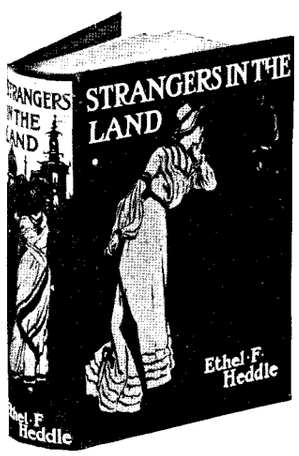

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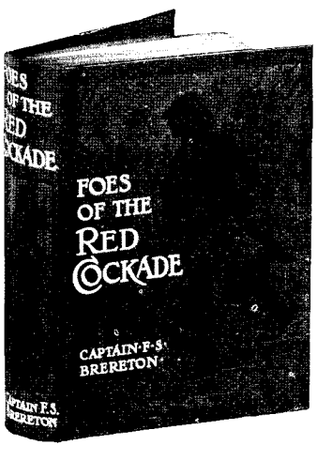

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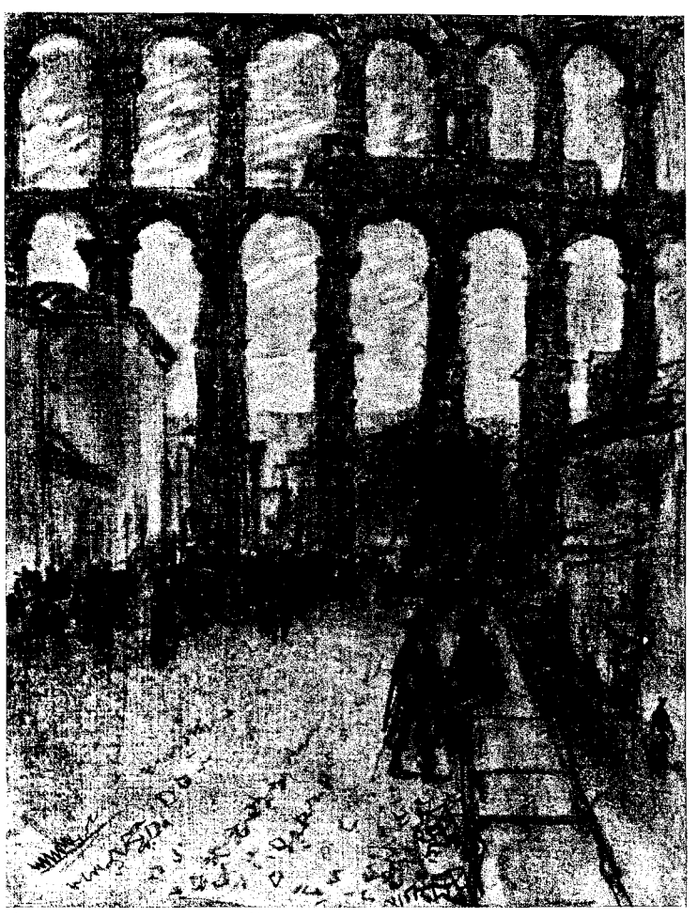

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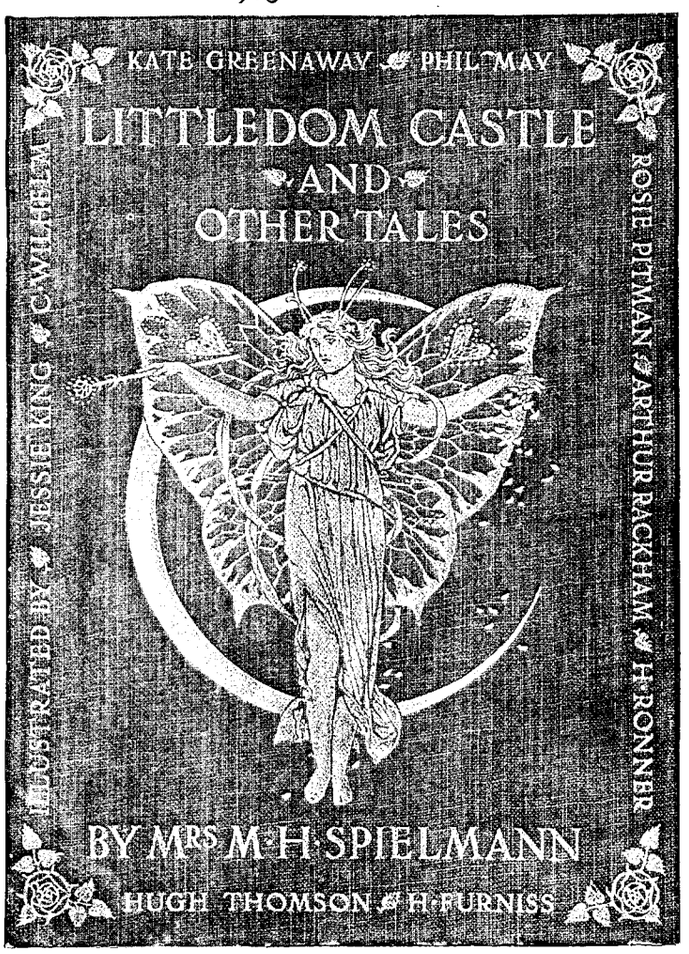

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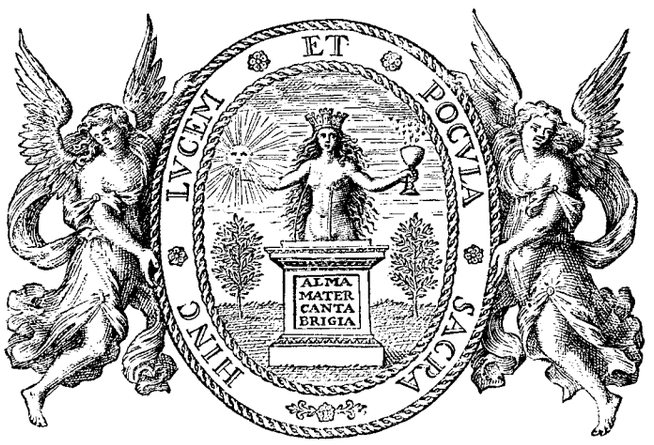

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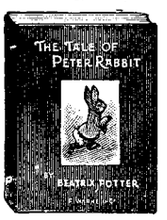

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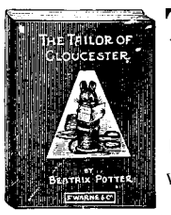

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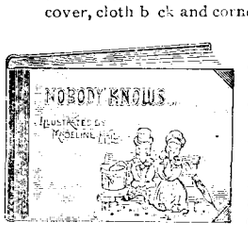

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